THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

TO OUR WELL-BELOVED CHIEF.

By A MINER'S WIFE.

Cold, cold is thy brow, thou friend of the friendless,
Sleep, silently sleep, where the pure heather grows;
Aye faithful to us, the class thou belonged to,
All speak of thy faithfulness—even thy foes.
Closed are those eyes, so fierce when in anger,
When pleading our cause we've seen anguish and tears;
Silent those lips that so oft smiled with pleasure
When righting our wrongs and silencing fears.
Rest, gently rest, thy labours now over,
Thy comrades' deep sigh thou can'st not hear to-day.
Our tears wet the sod which covers thy bosom;
We refuse to be comforted: Thou art gone away.
O Mighty Heart, throw thy mantle around us,
That we may take courage to fight till the dawn;
And when the dark clouds hang heavily o'er us
Thy spirit shall comfort and shield from the storm.

From the *Labour Leader*.

KEIR HARDIE.

Not to the cities art thou kin,
Although in city thou art come to dwell,
But to the open country and the sea.
Like to a mountain is thy character,
Steadfast and strong, rugged and stern at need.
But, as the rocky height bears on its side
Green trees where birdlings woo and nest,
Soft grassy mounds and tender flowers,
So, too, ballads thou lov'st and poesie;
So, too. can'st be blithe-hearted as a child.
Young creatures, the dumb beasts and those that grieve
Reach out to thee, and know thee as their friend.
Thou'rt calm as the great works of nature are,
Feeling more deeply than the many can,
Yet are thy hurts fast locked within thy breast.
Small winds and passions cannot alter thee,
Nor turn thee from the course that thou hast set.
When the times call on thee for weighty act,
Or choice important, ever ready thou
To place thyself last — first, the commonweal!

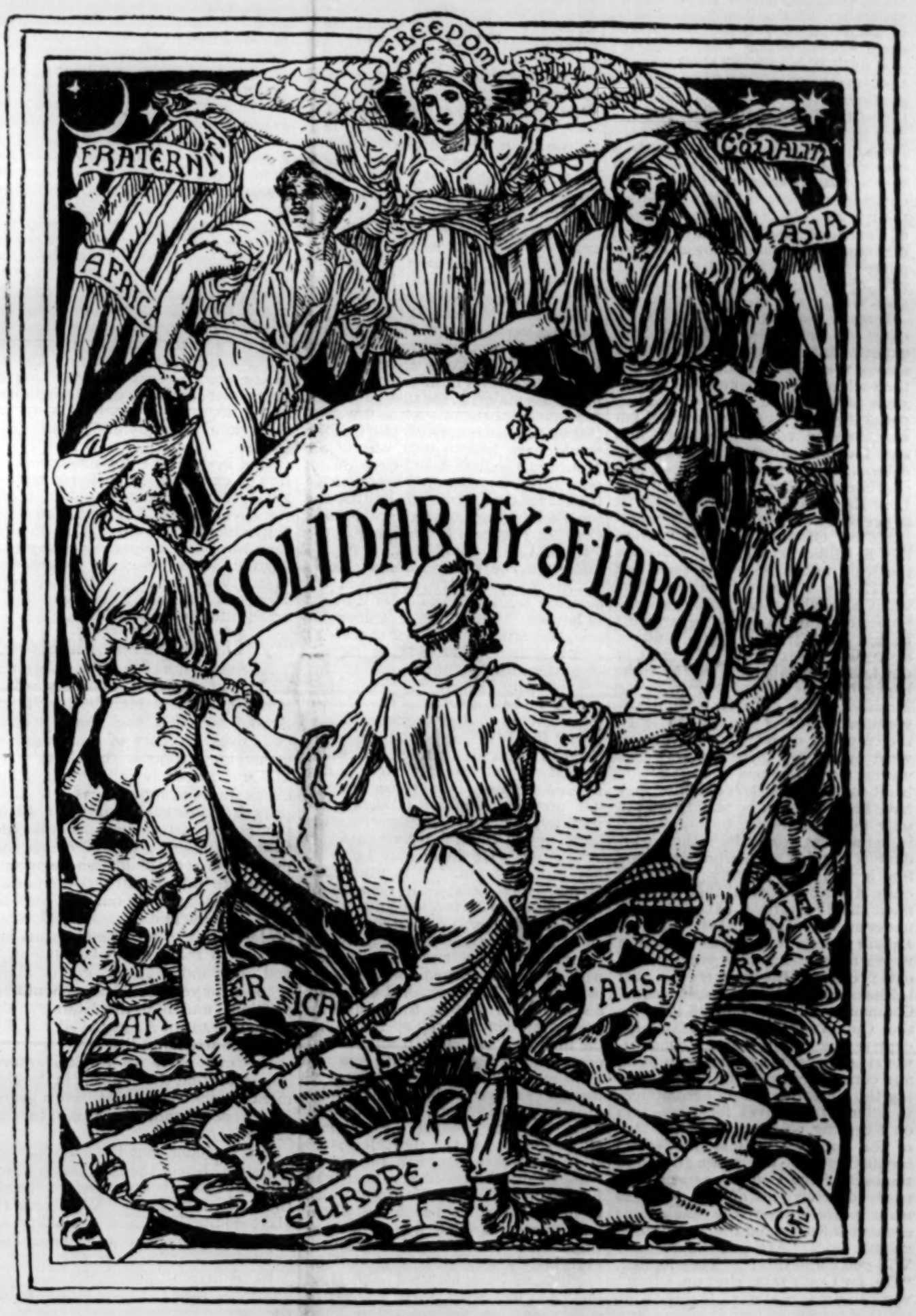
From the *Merthyr Pioneer*.

"When the election was no longer in doubt, Hardie dictated to me a telegram that he wanted me to send immediately we were released from the counting room. So far as I can remember it ran thus:—'The Member for Merthyr sends his compliments to his father and mother. . . .'

"His parents had died within a few hours of each other, at Cambuslang, a few miles outside Glasgow. The funeral equipage was a wedding brake, in which lay the coffins, covered with flowers. Written on one coffin, in chalk, was the word 'Mother,' on the other coffin, also in chalk, the word 'Father.'"—JOE BURGESS, in the ***Merthyr Pioneer.***

"Women cannot more truly express their love of their country than by helping to secure justice and well-being for man and woman alike."—The *Shop Assistant*.

IN MEMORY of KEIR HARDIE.



LABOUR'S MAY DAY

DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

WOMEN SUFFRAGE AND LABOUR MEETING IN MEMORY OF KEIR HARDIE, IN CANNING TOWN PUBLIC HALL, BARKING ROAD, E., ON SUNDAY, OCT. 17th, at 7 p.m. :: DOORS OPEN at 6.30. :: Speakers: Councillor JACK JONES, Dr. BARBARA TCHAYKOVSKY, SYLVIA PANKHURST, Mrs. PARSONS, Alderman MANSFIELD, Alderman DAVIES, FRANK SMITH, and others. :: :: Admission Free. Procession from 400 Old Ford Rd., Bow, 5 p.m., and from East India Dock Gates, Poplar, 6.30

BERNARD SHAW ON KEIR HARDIE.

There is, I feel sure, a very general feeling of relief in the House of Commons and in the Labour Party now that Keir Hardie's body lies mouldering in the grave. I wish I could revive their dread of him by adding that his soul goes marching on; but I do not feel so sure about that: he seems for the moment to have taken it with him. However, the House of Commons is a less scandalous place now that he is not there. When Keir Hardie rose to ask questions, there was only one thing for the front bench to do, and that was to lie—lie impudently, snobbishly, spitefully, Pecksniffianly, Tartuffily, in the face of records that littered the earth and facts that blotted out the sky, until at last we asked whether, if the Government could not produce a gentleman to stand up to a real man it could not at least produce a respectable liar, a brazen, thundering liar, a liar with convictions and a purpose, a creature with some strength of evil in him to test the strength of good in his challenger. Now that Hardie is gone, the lying will be of the natural House of Commons type: placid, confident, dignified, the liar breathing an atmosphere of general approval, and feeling nothing but an agreeable sensation of good taste.

I really do not see what Hardie could do but die. Could we have expected him to hang on and sit there among the poor slaves who imagined themselves Socialists until the touchstone of war found them out and exposed them for what they are? What was there in common between him and the men who are so heroically determined to resist conscription that they declare that nothing short of Lord Kitchener's telling them that it is necessary will induce them to embrace it. Of what use to him were the Republicans who will not obey the King unless he orders them to? To Hardie it seemed natural that when a minister had been a lazy ignorant failure in every department he had been tried in, he should be discarded as incapable. To most of our Labour members, as to the front bench, it seems natural that the Prime Minister's first duty is to find the gentleman another job, and that when the very first measure he brings forward in his new place contains provisions so ridiculous that they are laughed out of existence before they have been debated, he should be not only taken seriously, but applauded in terms that would be rather overdone if applied to Turgot or Adam Smith. Hardie actually thought it quite a serious matter that Government should imprison Labour leaders under ancient Mutiny Acts; suppress Labour papers; refuse to fix minimum wages on pretexts fifty years out of date; commit the country to war behind the back of the House of Commons; sell the Liberal Party to the Opposition by a secret treaty; deprive the country of its constitutional safeguard against corruption and conspiracy by arbitrarily abolishing the obligation on its accomplices to submit themselves for re-election on accepting office; and, in the face of the protests against the secret incubation of the war, again go behind the back of the Commons to make a treaty depriving us of the power to make peace without the unanimous consent of Russia and France. Hardie, aghast, said, "Are you Democrats? Will you stand this?" They replied, "Oh, for God's sake, shut up. Don't you know we are at war? Is this a time for Democracy, and truth telling, and Liberty, and Socialism, and all that platform tosh? Can't you wait until the war's over? Then you can twaddle again as much as you like to catch votes for us." And Mr. Asquith smiled imperturbably and said, "My friend: they will stand anything; and the more I give them to stand, the more loudly they will cheer me."

And as Mr. Asquith was quite right, and (not being a Keir Hardie) sees no alternative to governing fools according to their folly, what could Keir Hardie do but turn heavenward and admit that his kingdom was not of this world? He could hardly be expected to live for the sake of Macdonald and Bruce Glasier and a few other brainy Scots, or for Mr. Ponsonby's tiny band of sound old Victorian Liberals, or for an Irishman or two here and there, or for the French brains of Mr. Morel or the German culture of Mr. Norman Angell or even for his beloved Welsh constituents. What were they against the massive multitude of the English workers, with their superstitious dread of clear thinking, and their ingrained hatred of Democracy, rooted deep in the knowledge that they are not fit for it, and need kind masters to save them from cunning rogues? It was nothing to Hardie that our Junkers and exploiters, with their retinue of professional politicians, should snatch at the war as a pretext for destroying all the liberties won by three hundred years of struggle. He expected that. But that the workers themselves—the Labour Party he had so painfully dragged into existence—should snatch still more eagerly at the war to surrender those liberties and escape back into servility, crying, "You may trust your masters: they will treat you well," loud enough to deafen those to whom Sir Frederick Milner was protesting that some of our heroes were being shamefully left in the lurch: this was what broke the will to live in Keir Hardie.

He was too old to wait for a new generation. Better let them kill him, and be a sort of Banquo's ghost on the Labour benches until his spiritual posterity comes to its own.

Hardie could never, like Macdonald, have mastered the art of manipulating the House of Commons. He often got half-a-dozen votes when he could easily have got a formidable minority or even a majority, because he worded his amendments in such a way that if they had been carried, the Cabinet would have had to walk out of the House of Commons, and even out of political life. Hardie's function in the House came at last to be like the function of the crucifix in a French Court of Justice. If the figure in the French Court could talk, it would make the court as uncomfortable as Hardie made the House: and all the smartest barristers would say it ought to be shot. And, like the honourable members who so freely said that about Hardie—they would be quite right—from their own point of view.

Personally, I owe Hardie a debt which I shall now never be able to pay. When my "Common Sense About the War" appeared, he wrote to me in terms that, in their generosity, cordiality, and intimacy, went so far beyond anything that had occurred in our previous relations (always quite friendly) that I put off answering his letter until I could find time to do so adequately. He died before I carried out my intention. I mention the circumstance because it disposes of the cackle about Hardie being a pro-German. No pro-German could have stood my "Common Sense." Everything that honest and humane men wish to defeat, discredit, and destroy in Germany, Hardie wished to defeat, discredit and destroy there; and he proved his sincerity by spending his life in trying to defeat, discredit and destroy them here also. He was not the man to shout oaths and abuse at foreign enemies of the people whilst diligently polishing the boots of domestic ones. When history puts all the boots on the right legs, the stupendous impudence of the cry of "unpatriotic" levelled at a man who had devoted his whole life to the service of his country, by people to whom patriotism was such a novelty that they could do nothing but get into everybody's way with their idiotic fussings, and provide a golden harvest for swindlers with their mania for subscribing to something, will be apparent.

Hardie took the War seriously in the face of a House of Commons that had lost all power of taking anything seriously except keeping its parties in power and sharing the official spoils. He had not in him a trace of that easy-going cynical humour which enables the clever man of the governing class to say with a laugh, "My dear fellow, of course the House of Commons can't take care of the War; and a good job, too. The House of Commons has never been able to take care of any War. Wars take care of themselves: the combatants have to see to that; and, after all, I don't suppose the muddling and jobbing and delaying of the House increases the mortality more than five or six per cent. all round. Leave it to the General Staff: they will work it out because they must." Such an attitude was impossible to Hardie, who knew very well that the General Staff would work it out on reckless assumptions that human life was of no value and that the treasury was inexhaustible. The War now presents a definite arithmetical problem. To keep up the tornadoes of bombardment by which alone any advance can be made must require an ascertainable number of munition workers for each artillerist, because no single munition worker can possibly make shells as fast as a single artillerist can fire them. Other factors are the distance to be covered, the length of front that must advance across it, the time required per mile of advance, the vital expenditure in casualties, and so on. To hear Germans and Englishmen talking of crushing each other's country, and premiers romancing about fighting to the last drop of their blood, and generals venturing obvious guesses about the duration of the War, without a pretence of having faced this calculation; and to see the Government on whose shoulders the responsibility for it rested having so little intellectual capacity or industry that it could not produce even a Budget that was not silly and inconsiderate, was appalling to a man like Hardie, just because he was thinking of the fate of his country and of Europe, and not indulging the passions of a schoolboy, nor manœuvring for a party opening, nor qualifying for birthday honours. Let us hear no more about Hardie's lack of patriotism: he had more patriotism in his little finger than the Government and its flatterers in all their bodies.

And he had one splendid consolation to end with. His Welsh miners stood to their guns and beat those worst enemies of England who want Englishmen to be brought up on less than three and tenpence per day PER FAMILY, when so many others let themselves be outfaced by fools and knaves into throwing their children's bread into the maw of Mars.

CLASS DISTINCTION!

At the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, Miss Burstal, of the Manchester High School for Girls, said that for each child over 12 years of age in public elementary schools the State pays £2, and for each child under 12 in elementary schools the State also pays £2. For each child over 12 in the public secondary schools the State pays £5; but it makes no provision for the child "whose parent prefers to find, from his own purse, fees for a more costly and less crowded type of education." Miss Burstal declared this to be "a monstrous injustice to the middle-class parent," and demanded that middle-class schools for young children should be provided, and that the State should make a grant of £2 per head for the children attending them.

For our part, we think it more important that the children in the elementary schools should have a grant of £5 per head, like those in the secondary schools.

We consider that the "monstrous injustice" lies in the fact that a first-rate education is not provided for all the nation's children. We object to class distinctions, and inequality of educational opportunity amongst the children.

In America, practically all the children—rich and poor alike—go to the same schools.

Everyone knows, as a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, signed "Justitia," points out, that "One of the scandals of our educational history is the way in which funds originally given for the benefit of the poor, have been used for the education of the children of the rich."

The writer goes on to draw attention to an example of such fraudulent mis-use of funds that is now taking place in regard to the Lytham Charity:

"This charity will be enormously wealthy; its ultimate value is estimated at half a million. It is the result of certain bequests made rather more than a century ago, for the education of the poor of the ancient parish of Lytham, a district which now comprises Lytham and St. Annes-on-the-Sea. The benefits of the charity have since been extended to the whole of the Fylde Union. Obviously this fund, if properly used, might provide a really democratic system of secondary education for the Fylde coast. Ten years ago the Governors built a school, now known as the King Edward VII. School, at Ansdell. The school was intended as a secondary school for the poor. It has, however, been conducted on a scale which has placed it beyond the means of any but the fairly well-to-do. The Governors have now formulated a scheme, which is being submitted to the Board of Education, the effect of which will be to convert the school into a boarding school on the lines of the public schools. There can be no doubt that if this scheme is passed, the poor will eventually be excluded from the benefits of the charity."

Little boys and girls in the Industrial Schools are being set to make munitions for Government contractors.

These children have no Trade Union to protect them!

Please buy the DREADNOUGHT through a newsagent and get your friends to do the same.

The following shops, amongst others, sell the DREADNOUGHT:—

BOW—
Eames, 378 Old Ford Rd.
Cleverley, 696 Old Ford Rd.
Whitnall, opposite Bryant and May's.
Hayes, 185 Roman Rd.
Cleverley, 160 Roman Rd.
Hanson, 111 Roman Rd.
Lyons, 51 Roman Rd.
Harris, 40 Roman Rd.
Conner, 13 Roman Rd.
Atkins, 2 High St.
Leaney, 6 High St.
Putnam, 28 Devons Rd.
Threadgold, 93 Devons Rd.
Jackson, 92 Coborn Rd.
Armwerth, 23 Wallis Rd.

BETHNAL GREEN—
Higgs, 216 Green St.
Exell, 163 Green St.
Rees, 82 Morpeth St.
Foreman, 133 Brick Lane.

MILE END DISTRICT—
Avery, 123 Mile End Rd.
Travel & Avery, 391 Mile End Rd.
J. R. Browning, 232 Burdett Rd.

HACKNEY AND DALSTON—
Watson, 107 Lauriston Rd.
Holmes, 200 Mare St.
Stoop, 257 Dalston Lane.
Neill & Fisher, The Post Office, 86 Dalston Lane.
Lawrence, 244 Dalston Lane.

ISLINGTON AND SHOREDITCH—
Fleet, 109 Upper St.
Stevens, 56 High St.
D. Hosky, 2 Church St., Shoreditch.

CITY ROAD—
Cleverley, 269 City Rd.
The City Stores, 161 City Rd. (Old St. end).
J. Ingles, 49 Bath St.

CITY—
Willing's Book Stall, Bank Tube Station.
G. Bull, 24 Gray's Inn Rd.
Warcham, 148 Gray's Inn Rd.
Rose, 238 Goswell Rd.

GENERAL—
J. Escott, 28 Caledonian Rd.
J. Smart, 63 Grosvenor Rd.

WAR PROFITS.

The *Manchester Guardian* reports that "colossal profits" are being made by shippers carrying goods between Britain and America, and that for wheat from the United States Atlantic ports, which before the war could be shipped at 1d. per bushel, the current rate is now 1s. 8d. per bushel. The cost of 214 tons of wheat to day is £2,500 out of which the cost of freight is £660. Before the war the cost of freight was £60. Next week it is expected to be £700. The cost of bringing wheat from the Argentine is 72s. 6d. per ton, which is 500 per cent. more than before the war. Freights from the Pacific have advanced 300 per cent.

A. G. G. in the *Daily News* says: "The late Lord Cross received £2,000 a year pension for 30 years. His plea was 'poverty' and he left nearly £100,000 behind him." He adds that "In 1914-15 the Attorney-General alone received no less than £21,000, for Prize Court work." Will this be taxed as war profit?

Economy apparently must begin at the bottom of the ladder. Therefore Lord Midleton's indignation at the princely Old Age Pension of £13 a year!

Dr. T. J. Macnamara, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, when addressing a large gathering of munition workers in the East End said:

"There is no room for the man—to whatever class he may belong—who desires more to 'make his bit' than to 'do his bit.' (Cheers.)"

Why does the Government let profiteers "make their bit" at the expense of others?

MUNITION MUDDLES.

Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions was complainant in a case at Caxton Hall. Ten men were charged with going on strike, and remaining out five days. They were fined 10s. each. The men denied the charges against them. Their side of the story has not been told.

A munitioneer who was "taken queer" on his way to work got written permission to go off for the day. His relatives had a "hoop-la" stall at a fair near, and he went there. Probably a few hours in the open air, after weeks in a stuffy over-heated munition factory, was the best restorative that he could have had, and better than any doctor's medicine.

But when he was hauled up before the Munitions' Tribunal at Caxton Hall, the Hon. Reginald Talbot said: "You were amusing yourself at the fair, and you will be fined a sovereign!"

Evidently there is little of "the milk of human kindness" in the Hon. Reginald!

"What we have so far discovered from actual experience is that the leaving certificate—or its refusal—may be used (*a*) to keep a workman employed by a firm against his will when he is being paid less than the trade union rate of wages; (*b*) to prevent a workman obtaining a position of greater responsibility with another firm; (*c*) to prevent workmen, even when sacked by one employer getting work elsewhere; (*d*) to stop a workman changing his occupation, even in face of his affirmation that his work and conditions are prejudicial to his health; (*e*) to keep a workman at work, even when the character of his employment is changed and he is put on a machine that he cannot manage; (*f*) to stop a workman going to another district when his purpose is to suit the convenience and health of a sick wife.

It is clear that Clause 7 of the Act must be amended, unless it is desired that there should be a strong irritant constantly at work in the factories."—W. C. ANDERSON in the *Shop Assistant*.

SPREAD OF COERCION!

Dover is now under Martial Law. All civilians are ordered to show their National Registration cards on entering the town, and one may only enter by certain roads, which are guarded by officials. We shall soon understand the *exact* meaning of the "liberty" our army is fighting for!

Mr. Khvostoff, the newly-appointed Russian Minister of the Interior, appears to be a very hardened reactionary. He says that to reassemble the Duma before the appointed date would be "to make concessions to public opinion," which "in the present case is only indulging in caprice." He belittles resolutions passed by the municipal and rural councils as being "the results of a nervous condition," and says that after the War the Jews must be prevented from buying land.

NATIONAL REGISTER.

The National Register business has been muddled in Birmingham. The postal authorities cannot find 10,000 persons to whom certificates are addressed, and the public are warned that they will be punished if they have not got certificates.

Miss Frances Aicken and Miss Elsie Aicken, of Letchworth, who were each fined 50s. and costs, or one month's imprisonment, at Hitchin, for refusing to sign the National Register, were allowed one week to pay in. The week's grace expired on October 8th, but up to the moment of going to press, the Misses Aicken had not paid, and no steps had been taken to arrest them.

We are glad to be able to state that Mrs. Girdlestone has recovered from her hunger strike, and has been out Paper selling.

THE GUILD of ARTIST DRESSMAKERS.

At 75 Church St., Camberwell, S.E., is "The Guild of Artist Dressmakers," a guild of cripple girls who produce artistic dresses and very charming embroidery, which is usually, but not necessarily, applied to dress. Few of the girls are strong enough for the great pressure of factory work, but they are very competent craftswomen. Their work has been shown at many exhibitions, and has been highly recommended always, but since the War they have found it very difficult to keep their business going. We hope that any of our readers who are able to buy artistic dresses and embroidery will send to the Guild for samples of their work.

An old Cornish lady—who had five of her six sons who are at the front killed—is reported to have said of her surviving son: "Please keep him."

We should like to know whether the State is seeing to it that *she* is "kept"!

OTHER SOCIETIES.

NORTH LONDON M.P.U.

Hon. Sec.: MR. H. G. EVERETT, c/o Mr. Innes, 31 Balmes Road, Southgate Road.

Good meeting at Highbury Corner Friday. Meeting Sunday, 3 p.m., in Finsbury Park; speaker, Mr. Kidd.

All members asked to support the Memorial Meeting on October 17th.

The E.L.F.S. wants to know whether the North London M.P.U. can arrange for some regular *Dreadnought* selling pitches in its district.

ART WORK FOR WOMEN.

50 Home-Study Art Scholarships without Entrance Fee to "Woman's Dreadnought" Readers.

THE artistic woman's problem to-day is to decide what will honestly utilise a taste for drawing and yield most guineas for time and effort expended.

What then can the artist turn to and be sure of reasonable remuneration.

Unhesitatingly I say, Work for Advertisers. They are, except manufacturers of war material, the only people making money.

The Fine Arts to-day give place to the Applied Arts. Those unable to risk life and limb for the Nation must help to earn "Silver Bullets" by increasing earning power, and investing in War Loan.

He (or she) who has learned to design posters, advertisements, etc., and to illustrate National announcements, is doing a double service to the State, for the war has demonstrated the great value of Pictorial Publicity. Where would Kitchener's Army, the War Loan, Prince of Wales' Fund, and the growing volume of our munitions be but for pictorial publicity on hoardings and in the Press?

Business men have known for half-a-century—what the Government discovered half-a-year ago—that effective advertisement illustrations form the most compelling method of news distribution. Firms would not continue year after year to spend fortunes on pictorial publicity if it were not profitable. The coming Peace Boom will bring magnificent opportunities for artists.

Demand for Reproductions.

Reproductions by various colour processes are selling, and the demand for them will increase in the near future, because for everyone who can pay twenty-five guineas for a painting, there are one hundred who can afford a guinea for a facsimile reproduction.

Slick, effective sketches with plenty of dash and swish about them are in request by Advertisers and Colour Printers; in fact, the growing clamour for bright, cheerful work in full colour, suitable for reproduction, is one of the best signs of the times.

A well-illustrated advertisement is more successful than one that has only a cheap photograph. Advertisers know the value of drawings, or they would not, in London alone, continue to pay thousands of pounds weekly for sketches.

The demand for slick, effective drawings such as many artistic Clarionettes can learn to produce increases daily.

Illustrating advertisements offers splendid opportunities to the man or woman who has ideas and a taste for sketching.

As a field for designs and effective drawings it is wider than ever.

No advertiser is niggardly about the price of a sketch.

If it is what he wants, he is glad to get it, and pays well and promptly.

When thousands of pounds are spent on an advertisement, any price paid for a design that makes the advertisement more effective is money well spent.

Room in the Profession.

Commercial illustration as a regular profession or profitable spare-time sideline has an extraordinary range of opportunities, and there is room in the profession for anyone with commonsense, and a taste for drawing.

You begin gaining experience and guineas with your earliest efforts; the lesser advertisers are, fortunately, not too critical about draughtsmanship and anatomy so long as your sketches are effective and produced well.

You can learn all about the kind of work that's wanted; how to do it; where, when, and how to sell it.

By post you can acquire all the practical essentials from an expert, whose business it is to teach and to help you enter the profession in the shortest possible time. Artists in all parts of the world have been helped to do saleable work—and sell it. Hundreds have been enabled to enter the profession by a quick, easy route, personally conducted *by post* by Mr. CHAS. E. DAWSON, one of London's most successful designers of Pictorial Publicity, the artist who has taught more people to earn money by art than any other man.

Men like the late Walter Crane, R.W.S., Bernard Partridge, E. J. Sullivan, Hubert Herkomer, R.A., Fred Pegram, Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and Chas. E. Dawson, design advertisments because they know that it is better for our walls and magazines to bear designs that are good in drawing and colour than with advertisements that are bald and crude, as they used to be.

Artists' Work by Post.

Artists can sell their work by post, and save the time and embarrassment of personal interviews and verbal bargaining.

By post, also, anyone with a taste for drawing can enjoy the advantages of a London training at home and launch right into the most interesting and lucrative of the artistic professions.

Our artistic readers are familiar with the work of Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, and many are studying the Course of training he conducts for the Practical Correspondence College.

His pen and pencil have lent Refinement and Distinction to the announcements of the leading advertisers.

Concerning Chas. E. Dawson.

In an article on Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, late Art Editor *Nash's Magazine*, and creator of "the Dawson Girl," in the *Review of Reviews* he was referred to as:—

"A brilliant teacher, with that 'infinite capacity for taking pains'; the artist who, in the last ten years, has achieved the most uplifting influence upon Art Printing in Great Britain. As a designer, his refined and decorative work has won for him his enviable reputation in Europe and America.

"As a writer, his authoritative and vital articles in the leading magazines reveal widest interests and knowledge. As a teacher his contagious enthusiasm and zeal to help others are chief factors in his own splendid success."

One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson in the P.C.C. Course. It illustrates his lesson on rapid brush-work for newspaper advertisement.

An Original Design. By *Walter Crane, R.W.S.*

By Courtesy of Miss Gertrude Robins.

Simple line drawing on photo base. Chas. E. Dawson's "Bleach-out" process, taught in his P.C.C. Course.

I have never known a student fail to understand his lessons or not to feel uplifted and encouraged by them. His aim is to train students so that their efficiency shall equal their opportunities. Profound as is my appreciation of the founder of Correspondence Art Teaching in Europe, I cannot surpass the tributes that daily reach him from his successful postal students in all parts of the world.

His lessons, *exclusive and confidential* to each student, are superbly illustrated. Exercises are set expounding the technique of drawing for reproduction. They are sent by post to Mr. Dawson, who criticises them; his letters of personal advice and encouragement are alone worth more than the moderate fee for the course.

How, When, and Where to Sell Drawings.

The subjects taught include:—Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash and body colour sketches, splatter work, time and labour-saving-devices, originating saleable designs, establishing a connection, commercial correspondence, dealing with printers, publishers, and advertisers, how, when and where to sell drawings to the best advantage.

The Practical Correspondence College—the *All-British Art School with the world-wide Reputation*—offers Mr. Dawson's full Course of Instruction at half fees in small monthly instalments, to the first 50 to pass a postal examination. Balance of fees only payable WHEN THE STUDENT HAS EARNED TEN POUNDS. Scholarships awarded to those most likely to be successful; our interests are mutual, for we succeed or fail with the student.

If the Course fails to help you earn £10, you are under no obligation to complete payment of fees.

The College stakes 200 Guineas upon the success of the 50 Scholarship Holders.

Learn to Earn and Earn while Learning.

Our students are helped to *earn while they learn*, and dispose of their work at the completion of the Course.

Send a postcard for *gratis* entrance form and particulars of the Instruction that has helped so many to earn by art work, or copy any illustration in this announcement and send it for *gratis* criticism, to the Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 36 Thanet House, Strand.

Mr. Dawson's Criticism and Advice *gratis* to our Readers.

Each sketch will be examined by Mr. Dawson, who will send a letter of constructive criticism and advice *gratis*. It costs nothing and you risk nothing by entering the Competition. You get *gratis* a famous expert's opinion on your chance of success, and you stand a chance of winning one of the scholarships.

No preliminary training or expenses necessary. Awards will be made in the order in which sketches are received.

If you can draw well enough to amuse your friends, you can learn to earn, by post, some of the hundreds of pounds that advertisers—in London alone—spend daily upon the simple but effective sketches they want.

BERNARD SHAW ON KEIR HARDIE.

There is, I feel sure, a very general feeling of relief in the House of Commons and in the Labour Party now that Keir Hardie's body lies mouldering in the grave. I wish I could revive their dread of him by adding that his soul goes marching on: but I do not feel so sure about that: he seems for the moment to have taken it with him. However, the House of Commons is a less scandalous place now that he is not there. When Keir Hardie rose to ask questions, there was only one thing for the front bench to do, and that was to lie—lie impudently, snobbishly, spitefully, Pecksniffianly, Tartuffily, in the face of records that littered the earth and facts that blotted out the sky, until at last we asked whether, if the Government could not produce a gentleman to stand up to a real man it could not at least produce a respectable liar, a brazen, thundering liar, a liar with convictions and a purpose, a creature with some strength of evil in him to test the strength of good in his challenger. Now that Hardie is gone, the lying will be of the natural House of Commons type: placid, confident, dignified, the liar breathing an atmosphere of general approval, and feeling nothing but an agreeable sensation of good taste.

I really do not see what Hardie could do but die. Could we have expected him to hang on and sit there among the poor slaves who imagined themselves Socialists until the touchstone of war found them out and exposed them for what they are? What was there in common between him and the men who are so heroically determined to resist conscription that they declare that nothing short of Lord Kitchener's telling them that it is necessary will induce them to embrace it. Of what use to him were the Republicans who will not obey the King unless he orders them to? To Hardie it seemed natural that when a minister had been a lazy ignorant failure in every department he had been tried in, he should be discarded as incapable. To most of our Labour members, as to the front bench, it seems natural that the Prime Minister's first duty is to find the gentleman another job, and that when the very first measure he brings forward in his new place contains provisions so ridiculous that they are laughed out of existence before they have been debated, he should be not only taken seriously, but applauded in terms that would be rather overdone if applied to Turgot or Adam Smith. Hardie actually thought it quite a serious matter that Government should imprison Labour leaders under ancient Mutiny Acts; suppress Labour papers; refuse to fix minimum wages on pretexts fifty years out of date; commit the country to war behind the back of the House of Commons; sell the Liberal Party to the Opposition by a secret treaty; deprive the country of its constitutional safeguard against corruption and conspiracy by arbitrarily abolishing the obligation on its accomplices to submit themselves for re-election on accepting office; and, in the face of the protests against the secret incubation of the war, again go behind the back of the Commons to make a treaty depriving us of the power to make peace without the unanimous consent of Russia and France. Hardie, aghast, said, "Are you Democrats? Will you stand this?" They replied, "Oh, for God's sake, shut up. Don't you know we are at war? Is this a time for Democracy, and truth telling, and Liberty, and Socialism, and all that platform tosh? Can't you wait until the war's over? Then you can twaddle again as much as you like to catch votes for us." And Mr. Asquith smiled imperturbably and said, "My friend: they will stand anything; and the more I give them to stand, the more loudly they will cheer me."

And as Mr. Asquith was quite right, and (not being a Keir Hardie) sees no alternative to governing fools according to their folly, what could Keir Hardie do but turn heavenward and admit that his kingdom was not of this world? He could hardly be expected to live for the sake of Macdonald and Bruce Glasier and a few other brainy Scots, or for Mr. Ponsonby's tiny band of sound old Victorian Liberals, or for an Irishman or two here and there, or for the French brains of Mr. Morel or the German culture of Mr. Norman Angell or even for his beloved Welsh constituents. What were they against the massive multitude of the English workers, with their superstitious dread of clear thinking, and their ingrained hatred of Democracy, rooted deep in the knowledge that they are not fit for it, and need kind masters to save them from cunning rogues? It was nothing to Hardie that our Junkers and exploiters, with their retinue of professional politicians, should snatch at the war as a pretext for destroying all the liberties won by three hundred years of struggle. He expected that. But that the workers themselves—the Labour Party he had so painfully dragged into existence—should snatch still more eagerly at the war to surrender those liberties and escape back into servility, crying, "You may trust your masters: they will treat you well," loud enough to deafen those to whom Sir Frederick Milner was protesting that some of our heroes were being shamefully left in the lurch: this was what broke the will to live in Keir Hardie.

He was too old to wait for a new generation. Better let them kill him, and be a sort of Banquo's ghost on the Labour benches until his spiritual posterity comes to its own.

Hardie could never, like Macdonald, have mastered the art of manipulating the House of Commons. He often got half-a-dozen votes when he could easily have got a formidable minority or even a majority, because he worded his amendments in such a way that if they had been carried, the Cabinet would have had to walk out of the House of Commons, and even out of political life. Hardie's function in the House came at last to be like the function of the crucifix in a French Court of Justice. If the figure in the French Court could talk, it would make the court as uncomfortable as Hardie made the House: and all the smartest barristers would say it ought to be shot. And, like the honourable members who so freely said that about Hardie—they would be quite right—from their own point of view.

Personally, I owe Hardie a debt which I shall now never be able to pay. When my "Common Sense About the War" appeared, he wrote to me in terms that, in their generosity, cordiality, and intimacy, went so far beyond anything that had occurred in our previous relations (always quite friendly) that I put off answering his letter until I could find time to do so adequately. He died before I carried out my intention. I mention the circumstance because it disposes of the cackle about Hardie being a pro-German. No pro-German could have stood my "Common Sense." Everything that honest and humane men wish to defeat, discredit, and destroy in Germany, Hardie wished to defeat, discredit and destroy there; and he proved his sincerity by spending his life in trying to defeat, discredit and destroy them here also. He was not the man to shout oaths and abuse at foreign enemies of the people whilst diligently polishing the boots of domestic ones. When history puts all the boots on the right legs, the stupendous impudence of the cry of "unpatriotic" levelled at a man who had devoted his whole life to the service of his country, by people to whom patriotism was such a novelty that they could do nothing but get into everybody's way with their idiotic fussings, and provide a golden harvest for swindlers with their mania for subscribing to something, will be apparent.

Hardie took the War seriously in the face of a House of Commons that had lost all power of taking anything seriously except keeping its parties in power and sharing the official spoils. He had not in him a trace of that easy-going cynical humour which enables the clever man of the governing class to say with a laugh, "My dear fellow, of course the House of Commons can't take care of the War; and a good job, too. The House of Commons has never been able to take care of any War. Wars take care of themselves: the combatants have to see to that; and, after all, I don't suppose the muddling and jobbing and delaying of the House increases the mortality more than five or six per cent. all round. Leave it to the General Staff: they will work it out because they must." Such an attitude was impossible to Hardie, who knew very well that the General Staff would work it out on reckless assumptions that human life was of no value, and that the treasury was inexhaustible. The War now presents a definite arithmetical problem. To keep up the tornadoes of bombardment by which alone any advance can be made must require an ascertainable number of munition workers for each artillerist, because no single munition worker can possibly make shells as fast as a single artillerist can fire them. Other factors are the distance to be covered, the length of front that must advance across it, the time required per mile of advance, the vital expenditure in casualties, and so on. To hear Germans and Englishmen talking of crushing each other's country, and premiers romancing about fighting to the last drop of their blood, and generals venturing obvious guesses about the duration of the War, without a pretence of having faced this calculation; and to see the Government on whose shoulders the responsibility for it rested having so little intellectual capacity or industry that it could not produce even a Budget that was not silly and inconsiderate, was appalling to a man like Hardie, just because he was thinking of the fate of his country and of Europe, and not indulging the passions of a schoolboy, nor manœuvring for a party opening, nor qualifying for birthday honours. Let us hear no more about Hardie's lack of patriotism: he had more patriotism in his little finger than the Government and its flatterers in all their bodies.

And he had one splendid consolation to end with. His Welsh miners stood to their guns and beat those worst enemies of England who want Englishmen to be brought up on less than three and tenpence per day PER FAMILY, when so many others let themselves be outfaced by fools and knaves into throwing their children's bread into the maw of Mars.

CLASS DISTINCTION!

At the Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, Miss Burstal, of the Manchester High School for Girls, said that for each child over 12 years of age in public elementary schools the State pays £2, and for each child under 12 in elementary schools the State also pays £2. For each child over 12 in the public secondary schools the State pays £5; but it makes no provision for the child "whose parent prefers to find, from his own purse, fees for a more costly and less crowded type of education." Miss Burstal declared this to be "a monstrous injustice to the middle-class parent," and demanded that middle-class schools for young children should be provided, and that the State should make a grant of £2 per head for the children attending them.

For our part, we think it more important that the children in the elementary schools should have a grant of £5 per head, like those in the secondary schools.

We consider that the "monstrous injustice" lies in the fact that a first-rate education is not provided for all the nation's children. We object to class distinctions, and inequality of educational opportunity amongst the children.

In America, practically all the children—rich and poor alike—go to the same schools.

Everyone knows, as a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, signed "Justitia," points out, that "One of the scandals of our educational history is the way in which funds originally given for the benefit of the poor, have been used for the education of the children of the rich."

The writer goes on to draw attention to an example of such fraudulent mis-use of funds that is now taking place in regard to the Lytham Charity:

"This charity will be enormously wealthy; its ultimate value is estimated at half a million. It is the result of certain bequests made rather more than a century ago, for the education of the poor of the ancient parish of Lytham, a district which now comprises Lytham and St. Annes-on-the-Sea. The benefits of the charity have since been extended to the whole of the Fylde Union. Obviously this fund, if properly used, might provide a really democratic system of secondary education for the Fylde coast. Ten years ago the Governors built a school, now known as the King Edward VII. School, at Ansdell. The school was intended as a secondary school for the poor. It has, however, been conducted on a scale which has placed it beyond the means of any but the fairly well-to-do. The Governors have now formulated a scheme, which is being submitted to the Board of Education, the effect of which will be to convert the school into a boarding school on the lines of the public schools. There can be no doubt that if this scheme is passed, the poor will eventually be excluded from the benefits of the charity."

Little boys and girls in the Industrial Schools are being set to make munitions for Government contractors.

These children have no Trade Union to protect them!

Please buy the DREADNOUGHT through a newsagent and get your friends to do the same.

The following shops, amongst others, sell the DREADNOUGHT:—

BOW—
Eames, 378 Old Ford Rd.
Cleverley, 696 Old Ford Rd.
Whitnall, opposite Bryant and May's.
Hayes, 185 Roman Rd.
Cleverley, 160 Roman Rd.
Hanson, 111 Roman Rd.
Lyons, 51 Roman Rd.
Harris, 40 Roman Rd.
Conner, 13 Roman Rd.
Atkins, 2 High St.
Leaney, 6 High St.
Putnam, 28 Devons Rd.
Threadgold, 93 Devons Rd.
Jackson, 92 Coborn Rd.
Armwerth, 23 Wallis Rd.

BETHNAL GREEN—
Higgs, 216 Green St.
Exell, 163 Green St.
Rees, 82 Morpeth St.
Foreman, 133 Brick Lane.

MILE END DISTRICT—
Avery, 123 Mile End Rd.
Travel & Avery, 391 Mile End Rd.
J. R. Browning, 232 Burdett Rd.

HACKNEY AND DALSTON—
Watson, 107 Lauriston Rd.
Holmes, 200 Mare St.
Stoop, 257 Dalston Lane.
Neill & Fisher, The Post Office, 86 Dalston Lane.
Lawrence, 244 Dalston Lane.

ISLINGTON AND SHOREDITCH—
Fleet, 109 Upper St.
Stevens, 56 High St.
D. Hosky, 2 Church St., Shoreditch.

CITY ROAD—
Cleverley, 269 City Rd.
The City Stores, 161 City Rd. (Old St. end).
J. Ingles, 49 Bath St.

CITY—
Willing's Book Stall, Bank Tube Station.
G. Bull, 24 Gray's Inn Rd.
Warcham, 148 Gray's Inn Rd.
Rose, 238 Goswell Rd.

GENERAL—
J. Escott, 28 Caledonian Rd.
J. Smart, 63 Grosvenor Rd.

WAR PROFITS.

The *Manchester Guardian* reports that "colossal profits" are being made by shippers carrying goods between Britain and America, and that for wheat from the United States Atlantic ports, which before the war could be shipped at 1d. per bushel, the current rate is now 1s. 8d. per bushel. The cost of 214 tons of wheat to day is £2,500 out of which the cost of freight is £660. Before the war the cost of freight was £60. Next week it is expected to be £700. The cost of bringing wheat from the Argentine is 72s. 6d. per ton, which is 500 per cent. more than before the war. Freights from the Pacific have advanced 300 per cent.

A. G. G. in the *Daily News* says: "The late Lord Cross received £2,000 a year pension for 30 years. His plea was 'poverty' and he left nearly £100,000 behind him." He adds that "In 1914-15 the Attorney-General alone received no less than £21,000, for Prize Court work." Will this be taxed as war profit?

Economy apparently must begin at the bottom of the ladder. Therefore Lord Midleton's indignation at the princely Old Age Pension of £13 a year!

Dr. T. J. Macnamara, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, when addressing a large gathering of munition workers in the East End said:

"There is no room for the man—to whatever class he may belong—who desires more to 'make his bit' than to 'do his bit.' (Cheers.)"

Why does the Government let profiteers "make their bit" at the expense of others?

MUNITION MUDDLES.

Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions was complainant in a case at Caxton Hall. Ten men were charged with going on strike, and remaining out five days. They were fined 10s. each. The men denied the charges against them. Their side of the story has not been told.

A munitioneer who was "taken queer" on his way to work got written permission to go off for the day. His relatives had a "hoop-la" stall at a fair near, and he went there. Probably a few hours in the open air, after weeks in a stuffy over-heated munition factory, was the best restorative that he could have had, and better than any doctor's medicine.

But when he was hauled up before the Munitions' Tribunal at Caxton Hall, the Hon. Reginald Talbot said: "You were amusing yourself at the fair, and you will be fined a sovereign!"

Evidently there is little of "the milk of human kindness" in the Hon. Reginald!

"What we have so far discovered from actual experience is that the leaving certificate—or its refusal—may be used (*a*) to keep a workman employed by a firm against his will when he is being paid less than the trade union rate of wages; (*b*) to prevent a workman obtaining a position of greater responsibility with another firm; (*c*) to prevent workmen, even when sacked by one employer getting work elsewhere; (*d*) to stop a workman changing his occupation, even in face of his affirmation that his work and conditions are prejudicial to his health; (*e*) to keep a workman at work, even when the character of his employment is changed and he is put on a machine that he cannot manage; (*f*) to stop a workman going to another district when his purpose is to suit the convenience and health of a sick wife.

It is clear that Clause 7 of the Act must be amended, unless it is desired that there should be a strong irritant constantly at work in the factories."—W. C. ANDERSON in the *Shop Assistant*.

SPREAD OF COERCION!

Dover is now under Martial Law. All civilians are ordered to show their National Registration cards on entering the town, and one may only enter by certain roads, which are guarded by officials. We shall soon understand the *exact* meaning of the "liberty" our army is fighting for!

Mr. Khvostoff, the newly-appointed Russian Minister of the Interior, appears to be a very hardened reactionary. He says that to reassemble the Duma before the appointed date would be "to make concessions to public opinion," which "in the present case is only indulging in caprice." He belittles resolutions passed by the municipal and rural councils as being "the results of a nervous condition," and says that after the War the Jews must be prevented from buying land.

NATIONAL REGISTER.

The National Register business has been muddled in Birmingham. The postal authorities cannot find 10,000 persons to whom certificates are addressed, and the public are warned that they will be punished if they have not got certificates.

Miss Frances Aicken and Miss Elsie Aicken, of Letchworth, who were each fined 50s. and costs, or one month's imprisonment, at Hitchin, for refusing to sign the National Register, were allowed one week to pay in. The week's grace expired on October 8th, but up to the moment of going to press, the Misses Aicken had not paid, and no steps had been taken to arrest them.

We are glad to be able to state that Mrs. Girdlestone has recovered from her hunger strike, and has been out Paper selling.

THE GUILD of ARTIST DRESSMAKERS.

At 75 Church St., Camberwell, S.E., is "The Guild of Artist Dressmakers," a guild of cripple girls who produce artistic dresses and very charming embroidery, which is usually, but not necessarily, applied to dress. Few of the girls are strong enough for the great pressure of factory work, but they are very competent craftswomen. Their work has been shown at many exhibitions, and has been highly recommended always, but since the War they have found it very difficult to keep their business going. We hope that any of our readers who are able to buy artistic dresses and embroidery will send to the Guild for samples of their work.

An old Cornish lady—who had five of her six sons who are at the front killed—is reported to have said of her surviving son: "Please keep him."

We should like to know whether the State is seeing to it that *she* is "kept"!

OTHER SOCIETIES.

NORTH LONDON M.P.U.

Hon. Sec.: MR. H. G. EVERETT, c/o Mr. Innes, 31 Balmes Road, Southgate Road.

Good meeting at Highbury Corner Friday. Meeting Sunday, 3 p.m., in Finsbury Park; speaker, Mr. Kidd.

All members asked to support the Memorial Meeting on October 17th.

The E.L.F.S. wants to know whether the North London M.P.U. can arrange for some regular *Dreadnought* selling pitches in its district.

ART WORK FOR WOMEN.

50 Home-Study Art Scholarships without Entrance Fee to "Woman's Dreadnought" Readers.

THE artistic woman's problem to-day is to decide what will honestly utilise a taste for drawing and yield most guineas for time and effort expended.

What then can the artist turn to and be sure of reasonable remuneration.

Unhesitatingly I say, Work for Advertisers. They are, except manufacturers of war material, the only people making money.

The Fine Arts to-day give place to the Applied Arts. Those unable to risk life and limb for the Nation must help to earn "Silver Bullets" by increasing earning power, and investing in War Loan.

He (or she) who has learned to design posters, advertisements, etc., and to illustrate National announcements, is doing a double service to the State, for the war has demonstrated the great value of Pictorial Publicity. Where would Kitchener's Army, the War Loan, Prince of Wales' Fund, and the growing volume of our munitions be but for pictorial publicity on hoardings and in the Press?

Business men have known for half-a-century—what the Government discovered half-a-year ago—that effective advertisement illustrations form the most compelling method of news distribution. Firms would not continue year after year to spend fortunes on pictorial publicity if it were not profitable. The coming Peace Boom will bring magnificent opportunities for artists.

Demand for Reproductions.

Reproductions by various colour processes are selling, and the demand for them will increase in the near future, because for everyone who can pay twenty-five guineas for a painting, there are one hundred who can afford a guinea for a facsimile reproduction.

Slick, effective sketches with plenty of dash and swish about them are in request by Advertisers and Colour Printers; in fact, the growing clamour for bright, cheerful work in full colour, suitable for reproduction, is one of the best signs of the times.

A well-illustrated advertisement is more successful than one that has only a cheap photograph. Advertisers know the value of drawings, or they would not, in London alone, continue to pay thousands of pounds weekly for sketches.

The demand for slick, effective drawings such as many artistic Clarionettes can learn to produce increases daily.

Illustrating advertisements offers splendid opportunities to the man or woman who has ideas and a taste for sketching.

As a field for designs and effective drawings it is wider than ever.

No advertiser is niggardly about the price of a sketch.

If it is what he wants, he is glad to get it, and pays well and promptly.

When thousands of pounds are spent on an advertisement, any price paid for a design that makes the advertisement more effective is money well spent.

Room in the Profession.

Commercial illustration as a regular profession or profitable spare-time sideline has an extraordinary range of opportunities, and there is room in the profession for anyone with commonsense, and a taste for drawing.

You begin gaining experience and guineas with your earliest efforts; the lesser advertisers are, fortunately, not too critical about draughtsmanship and anatomy so long as your sketches are effective and produced well.

You can learn all about the kind of work that's wanted; how to do it; where, when, and how to sell it.

By post you can acquire all the practical essentials from an expert, whose business it is to teach and to help you enter the profession in the shortest possible time. Artists in all parts of the world have been helped to do saleable work—and sell it. Hundreds have been enabled to enter the profession by a quick, easy route, personally conducted *by post* by Mr. CHAS. E. DAWSON, one of London's most successful designers of Pictorial Publicity, the artist who has taught more people to earn money by art than any other man.

Men like the late Walter Crane, R.W.S., Bernard Partridge, E. J. Sullivan, Hubert Herkomer, R.A., Fred Pegram, Frank Brangwyn, R.A., and Chas. E. Dawson, design advertisments because they know that it is better for our walls and magazines to bear designs that are good in drawing and colour than with advertisements that are bald and crude, as they used to be.

Artists' Work by Post.

Artists can sell their work by post, and save the time and embarrassment of personal interviews and verbal bargaining.

By post, also, anyone with a taste for drawing can enjoy the advantages of a London training at home and launch right into the most interesting and lucrative of the artistic professions.

Our artistic readers are familiar with the work of Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, and many are studying the Course of training he conducts for the Practical Correspondence College.

His pen and pencil have lent Refinement and Distinction to the announcements of the leading advertisers.

Concerning Chas. E. Dawson.

In an article on Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, late Art Editor *Nash's Magazine*, and creator of "the Dawson Girl," in the *Review of Reviews* he was referred to as:—

"A brilliant teacher, with that 'infinite capacity for taking pains'; the artist who, in the last ten years, has achieved the most uplifting influence upon Art Printing in Great Britain. As a designer, his refined and decorative work has won for him his enviable reputation in Europe and America.

"As a writer, his authoritative and vital articles in the leading magazines reveal widest interests and knowledge. As a teacher his contagious enthusiasm and zeal to help others are chief factors in his own splendid success."

One of hundreds of sketches by Chas. E. Dawson in the P.C.C. Course. It illustrates his lesson on rapid brush-work for newspaper advertisement.

An Original Design. By *Walter Crane, R.W.S.*

By Courtesy of Miss Gertrude Robins.

Simple line drawing on photo base. Chas. E. Dawson's "Bleach-out" process, taught in his P.C.C. Course.

I have never known a student fail to understand his lessons or not to feel uplifted and encouraged by them. His aim is to train students so that their efficiency shall equal their opportunities. Profound as is my appreciation of the founder of Correspondence Art Teaching in Europe, I cannot surpass the tributes that daily reach him from his successful postal students in all parts of the world.

His lessons, *exclusive and confidential* to each student, are superbly illustrated. Exercises are set expounding the technique of drawing for reproduction. They are sent by post to Mr. Dawson, who criticises them; his letters of personal advice and encouragement are alone worth more than the moderate fee for the course.

How, When, and Where to Sell Drawings.

The subjects taught include:—Drawing for reproduction, book cover, advertisement designs, lettering, perspective, line, wash and body colour sketches, splatter work, time and labour-saving-devices, originating saleable designs, establishing a connection, commercial correspondence, dealing with printers, publishers, and advertisers, how, when and where to sell drawings to the best advantage.

The Practical Correspondence College—the *All-British Art School with the world-wide Reputation*—offers Mr. Dawson's full Course of Instruction at half fees in small monthly instalments, to the first 50 to pass a postal examination. Balance of fees only payable WHEN THE STUDENT HAS EARNED TEN POUNDS. Scholarships awarded to those most likely to be successful; our interests are mutual, for we succeed or fail with the student.

If the Course fails to help you earn £10, you are under no obligation to complete payment of fees.

The College stakes 200 Guineas upon the success of the 50 Scholarship Holders.

Learn to Earn and Earn while Learning.

Our students are helped to *earn while they learn*, and dispose of their work at the completion of the Course.

Send a postcard for *gratis* entrance form and particulars of the Instruction that has helped so many to earn by art work, or copy any illustration in this announcement and send it for *gratis* criticism, to the Secretary, Practical Correspondence College, 36 Thanet House, Strand.

Mr. Dawson's Criticism and Advice *gratis* to our Readers.

Each sketch will be examined by Mr. Dawson, who will send a letter of constructive criticism and advice *gratis*. It costs nothing and you risk nothing by entering the Competition. You get *gratis* a famous expert's opinion on your chance of success, and you stand a chance of winning one of the scholarships.

No preliminary training or expenses necessary. Awards will be made in the order in which sketches are received.

If you can draw well enough to amuse your friends, you can learn to earn, by post, some of the hundreds of pounds that advertisers—in London alone—spend daily upon the simple but effective sketches they want.

LEAGUE OF RIGHTS

For Soldiers' and Sailors' Wives and Relatives.

Full particulars from 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

I wish to join the EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Name.....

Address.....

I enclose 1½d. to cover Membership Fee and postage.

THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT.

REVISED ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

	£	s.	d.
Per inch	0	5	0
Per column	2	0	0
Per half-column ...	1	2	6
Per page	7	10	0
Per half-page... ...	4	0	0

Classified advertisements ½d. a word, minimum 6d. for twelve words.

5 per cent. reduction on a series of ten or more insertions; 25 per cent. reduction to working class organisations.

All communications should be sent to the—

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER,
400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

The
Woman's Dreadnought.

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes,

400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW, E.

Telephone EAST 1787.

AGENTS:

INTERNATIONAL SUFFRAGE SHOP, 5 Duke Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; CITY AND SUBURBAN PUBLISHING Co., St. Bride's Churchyard, E.C.; Messrs. HORACE MARSHALL & Co., Temple Avenue, E.C.; MARLBOROUGH, 51 Old Bailey, E.C.; A. PITCHIE, Pemberton Row, Gough Square, E.C.; A. RAGGETT, Clark Street, Stepney.

Can be obtained at the Bookstalls of Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SONS & Messrs. WILLING, & all Newsagents.

Annual Subscription: Post free, 4s. 4d.

Vol. II. No. 31—Sat., Oct. 16th, 1915.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service?

COMRADES UNITE!

Keir Hardie's life was inspired by a wonderful vision which he expressed as: "the binding of the races of the earth into one all-embracing brotherhood."

For this he toiled with all the strength of his great nature.

He strove to unite the workers of all countries, to cement them in impregnable solidarity of friendship and community of spirit, which should make it impossible for them ever to fight against each other.

When the German war scare came, he never considered naval or military defences. His appeal was to the workers who had entered into the comradeship of the International Socialist-Labour Movement to stand together and proclaim a general strike against war. Had war threatened with France or any other nation he would have made the same appeal. His constant effort was to draw the workers who still stood aloof, into the labour ranks.

He believed that if the solidarity of organised labour could grow more swiftly than the forces of militarism, all wars could be prevented, and he toiled with the greater earnestness because for many years he realised the danger that was threatening.

Keir Hardie knew by bitter and constant experience, that the way of the pioneer is hard and toilsome, and that the evolution of human society towards righteousness is not smooth and continuous, but accomplished with difficulty and with many a failure and relapse. I remember his delight in the lovely and evidently joyous movements in which plants grow and develop, revealed by the cinema film, which throws the moving photograph of the plant on the screen, accelerating its growth five-thousand fold, that we may watch. He believed that some day the development of human life will be as beautiful and as glad. So, though perhaps his visions foretold to him the War and the temporary break-up of the labour forces, he never wavered in his faith that, not by great armaments, but by the friendship and co-operation of peoples shall world peace be secured.

It is often said that during great perils and crisis the heart turns more readily to God and eternal truth. It is also said that at such moments the inner nature is most clearly revealed and the treasure, earthly or heavenly, on which the heart is set, is made known. Perhaps both these things are true.

To Keir Hardie at all times the words of Christ were very vivid and very near. It was not hard for him to realise them for they were in tune with his being.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, and those who thirst after righteousness, the merciful, and the pure in heart. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God. The truth of these sayings was rooted in the core of his heart. For him there was no time of doubting when the great War came. He lost not one of his beliefs. He knew as surely that some day friendship shall unite us, as he had known in peace.

More closely than the rest of us he realised the griefs and sufferings of others and the unity of human kind, and so the war, following on years of overhard struggle and toil and ceaseless effort, broke him. But do not think that he lost his faith in the future. He did not. He said with conviction still: "our day will come."

British Cabinet Ministers who today most loudly denounce autocracy and militarism in Prussia, are bolstering up militarism and undermining the power of democracy in this country.

Their inconsistency springs from the fact that their policy and ideas do not differ in essential kind from those of the Prussian Militarists whom they denounce. Like their adversaries they believe that great armies and navies are necessary, even desirable. Like the Prussian Militarists, they are determined that the nation to which they belong shall be the foremost among the nations, not merely by right of wisdom and virtue, but by the possession of the greatest army or navy. Like the Prussian Militarists, they believe in conducting a secret foreign policy, through which the nation secures what advantages it can by bluff or strategy. Like the Government of Prussia, they desire to preserve the individualistic structure of society, with capitalist competition dependent on a large class that works hard and long for a bare pittance, in order to maintain a leisured class that lives on the interest on its money and the rent that it draws from its land.

British Ministers may be kindlier than the Kaiser and less ruthless in carrying out the theories on which their policy is built, but because their basic theories do not differ from those of the Kaiser, their practices, unless checked by the people, must grow, as indeed they are doing, ever more close in their likeness to his.

Animated by the harsh competitive ideas that are the legacy of by-gone times and should now be cast aside, British governments, as other governments, have shown time and again that in their eyes, trade advantages are more valuable than thousands of the Nations' lives.

It is natural that this should be so when the men who form our government believe that, within the nation, private profiteering should be allowed with scarce a check. They assent to the view that some individuals may draw from the labour of the community wealth to the value of tens of thousands, even hundreds of thousands of pounds a year, whilst others go habitually half starved. These being their views on home government, it were folly to expect them to act in conformity with ideals of brotherhood and co-operation in dealing as one nation to another?

Even now we find them, undeterred unchanged by the awful catastrophe that has overtaken Europe, and which may yet engulf them all, following the old dark tortuous ways of bartering, self-interest and usury. We find them allowing enormous shipping and other war profits to be piled up out of the miseries of the poor. We find them refusing to declare openly for what the nation is fighting, for what the lives of its men are being poured out, and on what conditions they will accept peace. They are blind to the iniquity of gambling in human lives, and only hope that some chance turn of the wheel of fate will provide them with a little more gain.

But should the people, those who believe in the solidarity of the workers, call on the Government to declare its terms of peace?

If the governments of the world dictate the terms, we must know that they will sacrifice the workers of every nation to the interests of the rich. They will not raise a finger towards the freeing of people, who are in bondage, but will barter them and the land on which they live, like merchandise, in the interests of the wealthy and the great.

Therefore we should not call on the Government to make peace for us. No, from nation to nation we should call to each other, as Keir Hardie ever called the workers, to make peace terms of our own!

A conference might be called in this and every other country—not to ask vaguely for peace—but to begin definitely, patiently, and in detail, to hammer out the terms Delegates from the various countries might come and go, bringing advice and asking for aid on disputed points.

When the terms of peace had been completed in each national conference, they could be interchanged, if necessary, submitted to an international conference called in a neutral country, and finally ratified by all.

The rulers of the world would say that they alone have the information and experience in the light of which it is possible to decide the weighty and complex questions involved; but we know that the rulers have neither the information nor experience to decide these matters from the workers' point of view. We know that they are not animated by the spirit of universal brotherhood, which shall provide the key to all the problems that will arise.

After the terms of peace had been arrived at, would come the task of forcing the Governments of the world to accept the terms laid down—the comrades all over the world pressing and striving to secure the same end.

Is it too big a task for men and women to embark on? It should not be, for the times call to us for weighty and courageous acts.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

MARY FITZGERALD.

A Johannesburg message states that Mary Fitzgerald, the Socialist who took a prominent part in the strikes of 1913, has been arrested at a meeting at which shots were fired.

E.L.F.S. members will remember that Mrs. Fitzgerald spoke at one of our meetings in the Canning Town Public Hall, and at the Women's Hall, Bow. We send our good wishes to her, and await further news.

Miss Alice Gregory: "There can be no regeneration of England which does not include our working women. . . . . I take it that to most of us there could only be one quite intolerable end to the war—that we should go on afterwards just the same as, perhaps even worse than, before."

Mr. A. G. Cameron, Assistant General Secretary, Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, says: "The difficulties under which the worker labours whilst earning wages are nothing in comparison to the difficult task which every workman's wife is faced with when she comes to spend these wages so that the family can eke out an existence from Saturday to Saturday. Every working-class family is going short of many actual necessaries of life in these days, and there are no signs to indicate when the sacrifices being made will no longer be necessary."

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HACKNEY GUARDIANS HOLD UP POOR WIDOW'S MONEY.

In our last week's issue we published the fact that the Whitechapel Guardians had recognised that it was their duty to hand over the arrears of pay left by the late Private Case to his mother, who is in very poor circumstances. The Whitechapel Guardians were pilloried by the *Star* and other papers for attempting to grab a poor widow's money because her husband had died in a lunatic asylum at the Guardians' expense.

The Whitechapel Guardians indignantly repudiated the charge.

A similar case has now been brought to our notice, the Hackney Guardians being the culprits this time. Private Hanks of the Royal Sussex Regiment was killed on January 29th. His mother was a tailoress earning £1 a week, before the war, but after the war she gradually lost her work, and then through serious illness was thrown out of employment altogether. Mr. Hanks, the late private's father, has been in a lunatic asylum for some years, and when the poor mother claimed the back pay that was due to her son, she was told that this was the property of her husband. With another friend she entered into a guarantee to hand over the money to her husband if ever he should recover to enjoy it. But the War Office then stated that the Guardians had a claim upon this money for the maintenance of the soldier's insane father. The War Office promised to ascertain whether the Guardians were willing to hand over the money, but although they must be aware that Mrs. Hanks is seriously ill, they have hitherto failed to do so.

This case illustrates once again the injustice of the law, which says that a married mother is not the parent of her child even if it is she, and not the father, who has worked to maintain the child during its helpless infancy. Soldiers who wish their mothers to inherit if they are killed should make their wills before going to war!

The *Times* publishes a grocer's price list, which shows that on many cheaper kinds of tea the price per lb. has been raised as much as 6d. since the Budget, though the increased tea tax is 4d. per lb.:—

	Spring & early Summer		Since the Budget		Inc.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	d.
Ceylon (1st qual.) ...	1	9	2	3	6
,, (2nd ,,) ...	2	0	2	4	4
,, (3rd ,,) ...	2	4	2	8	4
Indian (1st qual.) ...	1	9	2	2	5
,, (2nd ,,) ...	1	10	2	3	5
,, (3rd ,,) ...	2	0	2	5	5
,, (4th ,,) ...	2	6	2	10	4

The cost of living in Australia has risen as follows:—

New South Wales	24·0 per cent.
Victoria	41·0 ,,
Queensland ...	32·9 ,,
South Australia	31·3 ,,
West Australia ...	16·7 ,,
Tasmania ...	23·4 ,,

The *Australian Woman Voter* points out that Victoria, where the increase in the cost of living is highest, is the only State that has not got a Labour Government, and that in West Australia, that has had a Labour Government longest, the increase is least. But the state of affairs is nothing to boast of, and the *Woman Voter* says "*Our Price of Goods Board* is a perfect farce!"

At a meeting in Bristol the other day, Miss Mary Macarthur said that women munitioneers were getting 2d. an hour for work at which men were paid 10d. and 1s. an hour.

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IN THE LIGHT OF FIFTY YEARS.

By KEIR HARDIE.

Reprinted from the "Labour Leader," August 24th, 1906.

All the world, says Richard Jeffries, is young to a boy. Thought has not yet come to him, and he has to frown and study to grasp what long years mean. Even to the youth bordering on twenty, his fiftieth year seems buried in the vast immensity of distance. In a dim sort of way he realises that he will one day be fifty years of age, but between him and then there stretch æons of time which his imagination fails to span. Twenty is the age of high resolve, of ambition, of looking forward, of love's young dream. And so the years roll on.

Standing on the pinnacle of years which half a century has reared we look back over the way we have come. And what a way! If looking forward were a mere seemingless stare into the void of futurity, looking back is an attempt to comprehend a desert which extends far beyond what the eye can see, until it melts into the obscurity out of whence we come. Away on the rim of the horizon vague ghosts of memory hover, dim and elusive, here and there detached events stand out clear and distinct, like white pebbles in the dun sand. Nearer, but still far from us, long days of gloom, marked by black shadows, blighting the plant of life at its roots, and leaving an indelible mark on the future. Nearer still, broken and shattered hopes and fears and trembling irresolution, and finally, a pathless thicket of briars and venemous reptiles, through which the way had to be cut somehow. Let no one say the picture is overdrawn; happy it is for those to whose life it doesn't apply.

To-night it is difficult to say whether I have been fifty years or fifty centuries on the earth. The cloudy day has given way to a starless night. Darkness has crept down from the hills and shut out from view the wood opposite. Sitting in darkness and looking out into the blackness of night, with no sound save the rustle and sough of the wind in the trees and the murmur of the river as, like time, it glides ever on and on, memory is busy in restoring the past. The single room, open to the couples overhead, the dark thatch showing above, and an earthen floor shining black under foot, the kitchen dresser, with the rack on which the delft gleamed in the light of the lowe from the cannel coal fire. Even a candle was only an occasional luxury; lamp there was none, save the pit lamp. How the figures stand out clearly limned as they and their shadows move about in the little room. Strange that nearly all the memories of those days are of evenings.

A bright spot is the picture of the roomy, flagged kitchen of the farmhouse, where for years I was a constant visitor. The Gaberlunzie man who slept in the big barrow beside the threshing mill; Barney, the Irish reaper, who turned up every harvest—I used to make bands for him; Nancy and Bell, with their unaffected ways and their warmth of feeling; and most of all, Uncle Willie, a veritable patriarch, in whom all that was best in the old Covenanters still lived. Fond of a joke, practical in everything, he managed his farm and all thereon with a degree of conscientious scruple all too rare. Sitting at the head of the table round which were ranged his kinfolk and hired servants—male and female—he made all feel at home. It was in the evenings, however, that he impressed himself most upon my mind when conducting family worship. There was a dignity, a sincerity, a grandeur about the old man and his words as he knelt by his old arm chair and poured out his supplications, which left an impress which can never fade. How contemptible the thin, empty braggarts who scoff at religious feeling seem when compared with him as he lives in my memory.

The turmoil of a contested election. Howls, curses, execrations, pelting with mud and stones; one poor, solitary figure knocked and buffeted about bodily and mentally, and yet impelled to go forward by he knew not what. One incident which helped, I remember well. A baronet was sent down from London, armed with plenipotentiary powers to make peace, and his offer took the form of a guarantee of £300 a year, so long as I remained in Parliament. The thing was so obviously a bribe that it removed the last traces of doubt or hesitation; nay, awoke a spirit of detestation which has never since been quite allayed.

The only object I had in view when beginning to write was to ask the Editor to allow me to use his columns to acknowledge with gratitude the multitudes of kindly messages which have reached me during the past few days. To one and all I return thanks. It is they who have sent my memory brooding back over the past.

I know not what I have done to stir up such feelings in the hearts of so many people. Some of my forebears had for their motto, "Aye haudin' yont"; Anglican, "Always pressing on." If I have done this and gone straight, there is no special merit in that. What else can a man do?

Looking back over the way I have come I can honestly say I have never had reason to regret following the steep, straight path of duty; and I may add I have never yielded to the temptation to try the apparently easier way without having cause to rue it.

There is much I fain would say about the present situation, but that can wait. Socialism is to me more of a certainty, almost more of a necessity than ever before. As for political independence, that must be maintained, even if it involves the loss, at the next election, of every Parliamentary seat we now hold. We must keep faith with the brave souls whose toils have made the situation what it is.

Reforms will come in any case; it is the rebellious spirit of self-sacrifice in the people which is going to renovate the life of the nations. The agitator who has a touch of the seer in him is a far more valuable asset than the politician. Both are necessary, but if one must be sacrificed, let it not be the agitator.

A final word. I am younger in spirit at fifty than I ever remember to have been. I am of the unfortunate class who never knew what it was to be a child—in spirit I mean. Even the memories of boyhood and young manhood are gloomy. Under no circumstances, given freedom of choice, would I live that part of my life over again. Not until my life's work found me and stripped me bare of the past and absorbed me into itself did life take on any real meaning for me. Now I know its main secret. He who would find his life must lose it in others. One day perhaps I may write a book on this. But there! I have just entered my fifty-first year. And so one more pipe and then to bed.

To JAMES KEIR HARDIE.

LOVER OF HUMANITY, AND FEARLESS CHAMPION OF ALL WHO TOIL AND SUFFER.

By FRANK SMITH.

Dear readers of the DREADNOUGHT,—How the title of your splendid little Paper harmonises with the life, work and character of him who has just passed from us. How brave and fearless he was, and how tender in thought and feeling for those who struggle for justice, and suffer while they struggle. Particularly was this the case as regards the working women of our land, and all lands, and the children too. How his heart ached for those upon whose shoulders the burdens of life press so heavily. How in his soul he rejoiced in being able to stand by them, and how his glorious spirit rose in revolt against the conditions which in our day make the sufferings of those who toil so bitter.

When one sits down to write about such an one, how difficult it is. Words seem so feeble—so inadequate—to express one's feelings in the right way and terms. And yet, there is one great comfort, and that is: that those for whom J. Keir Hardie lived and died know and feel, without being told, how great was his love and work for them.

My heart is heavy with sadness as I write and think of him, as also are your hearts. But coupled with the sadness there is a joyous thrill because one has been permitted to know and labour with such a man, and also to realise that although he has gone from our side, he, by his glorious work has inspired so many to devoted service in a cause that will ultimately triumph.

It is true that we had hoped that for many more years he would have been able to lead us in the fight for emancipation, and it seems hard to have to part with him, at 59 years of age, when so many exploiters of humanity live to what is termed "a ripe old age." But we must not think so much of the number of years he lived, as the results which he accomplished during those 59 years. How truly can we say:—

That the work that he has builded, oft
with bleeding heart and tears,
For the poorest and the weakest,
will not perish with his years.
It will be at last made perfect in the
universal plan,
And will finally crown the labours of
all who toil for man.
It will last and shine transfigured in
the final reign of right.
It will merge into the splendours in
the coming day of light.

The Real Keir Hardie.

There are many Keir Hardies in the public estimation, because of the vile slanders published about him in the Press. The servile scribblers who do the bidding—for pay—of the monopolists and exploiters, who govern the partizan Press of our day, have said that he was "narrow," "bigoted," "self-seeking"; that his "ambition was to tear down and destroy, without the ability to build up;" and many other equally false statements. We, who knew him, knew how far these charges were from the truth. As a matter of fact, no broader-minded generous thinker existed. So broad was he that creed, race, colour, tongue, or nationality found not one grain of prejudice in him. He could not concieve that the fact that a human being was born with a black, brown, or yellow skin, made them any less worthy of consideration than those born with a white skin. In fact, to him, those who were born under conditions and in countries which are often considered as marking the "inferior races," were, if possible, more entitled to consideration than those born under more advantageous circumstances.

So thorough a Nationalist was he at heart that he fiercely resented the accepted phase: "Subject races," How he loathed the term. And consequently, when the question of Britain's relationship to the natives of India or Africa was under consideration he ever claimed for them equal rights with their white skinned fellow citizens. To Keir Hardie, they were brothers all. And he claimed for them equal rights with himself. Like all true Democrats he contended against the narrow view, so loved by diplomats and politicians, that India could be in any way improved by enforcing Western ideas, customs, or habits. He considered it sacrilege to either proselitise them from their ancient beliefs, or coherce them into accepting a so-called civilisation, which in many ways tended to destroy their ancient traditions. If "Britain for the British" was a just demand, then it could not be unjust to claim "India for the Indian." And nothing stirred him more quickly to protest than when arrogant Britishers—whose ancestors were cave dwellers at a time when India was rich in all the glories of a civilisation not yet reached in Western lands—spoke of them as an inferior race.

As to his being "without the ability to build up" a set of conditions worthy of humanity, what a mistake. Why, his conception of a State wherein all men and women were free, in the real sense of the term, was one of the grandest that man could conceive. It was in reality the Kingdom of God, which he sought to establish—a condition of life where poverty and suffering would be non-existent; where every man, woman, and child would have equal opportunity to develop the highest and the best.

"Narrow"(?) When he believed that the earth and all that is beneath it and upon it belonged by divine right to all who people it.

"Self-seeking"(?) Is there one living who can say that he ever asked, or sought anything for himself, or claimed any privilege which he would withold from another? *Not one.*

Had he been willing to sell his principles, or even to tone his demands to suit the exploiters of the people, he might hvae died, what is termed, a rich man. As it was, he lived as he was born, and died as he lived, a poor man. He cared not for money, and if and when money came his way he used it for the benefit of those for whom he laboured—those who possess nothing and are robbed of everything, even the right to a decent existence.

There was a reason for his being the whole-souled lover of the poor that he was. And the secret of it is to be found in his own experience. He remembered the conditions under which he was born, and the memories of those early struggles never left him. And he determined that, so far as one man could prevent it, such things should not happen to others.

Speaking of his childhood days he has said that his first memory of feeling was the falling of hot tears upon his baby face, as his mother's heart overflowed with sorrow at the hardness of the fight. That his first memory of sound was of sobs, as that grand old mother's heart was wrung with anguish.

Think of him, born—not in a manger—but in a one-roomed dwelling, more fit for cattle than human beings, where everything calculated to make life bearable, was more or less lacking. Not because of parental neglect or carelessness, but because of the soulless avarice of a competitive system which has turned, for so many, a land, which might be the ante-chamber of heaven, into a veritable hell.

Think of him, as a wee child of seven, having to take his place in the working world in the fight for bread!

Why was this? The reply is that these hard conditions were in some measure due to the fact that the Hardies came of a race whose courage and outspokenness brought down upon them the anger of those who exploit their fellows—the master class. And thus it was that his father, unable to tamely submit to injustice towards himself, or witness it inflicted upon others—often found himself in conflict with the mine owners of his day.

How full Keir Hardie's young life was of the tragedy of suffering, two or three incidents will suffice to show. He remembered, when perhaps four or five years of age, standing by his

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(*Continued from page* 341.)

mother's side on the road, outside their one time miner's one-roomed home—after the family had been evicted by the mine owner, at less than 12 hours' notice. As they stood there with their humble possessions, the mine owner rode up on horseback. Halting near them, addressing Keir's mother, he said: "Now you see what your husband's impertinence has brought you to, and I am sorry it has come to this."

Looking steadily at him Keir's mother replied; "But you were not sorry whilst you were doing it and its no use being sorry *after* a wrong is done."

"Well," said the mine owner, "If you'll tell your man to apologise for what he said, and promise not to offend again, maybe I'll look over it."

"Nay, nay I'll ne're do that" replied Keir's mother.

"Then you must put up with the consequences," replied the autocratic mine owner.

"I've no fear of that" came the calm reply, and raising her hand heavenward, she continued, "I ken we'll be taken care of."

How strongly, were the strong courage of the father and the quiet confidence of the mother reproduced in the son Keir, we all know—neither threats nor promises of favours moved, either parents, or son.

Another of the many tragic episodes in his child life, is also worth recalling. Before he was eight years old, he was employed by a baker and confectioner. Part of his duties was to carry round the early morning hot rolls. It was winter time and again the family was in bad straits—his father was again seeking work and his mother was ill. One morning, Keir, the child, was late at the shop, and was informed by the assistant that "the master" was "very angry about it, and had left word that if it occurred again he would be in trouble."

In consequence of his mother's ill-health, he was unfortunately late the following morning. On arriving at the shop he was told "Master wants you, go up to him." "But," said the assistant, you must wait outside the room door, until master's disengaged, he's conducting family worship." Keir waited on the landing until his pious employer had got through with his "worship." And when the door was opened—Keir used to tell of the effect upon his child mind—a bright well-lit room, a glowing fire, a well-spread table. How different from the cold cheerless "home" he had just left—where there was neither food nor fire.

"Come here boy," said the pious baker, "you are late again, in spite of what I said yesterday. You are dismissed."

Keir used to say that his heart nearly stopped at the thought of what the loss of his small wage would mean at such a time. He tried to tell his employer how his being late came about—the illness of his mother. —But no, "It's no use making excuses, I will not have my customers kept waiting for their rolls, you may go!" And then as though to properly impress the child culprit, he continued—"And as a warning to you for the future, your wages are forfeited!"

I suppose this pious baker had but a few minutes previously rounded off his "family worship" with the orthodox formula "Give us this day our daily bread," and "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those also that trespass against us," etc., etc. But it did not prevent him taking the bread from the heart-broken child, or visiting his excusable failure to keep time by the punishment of dismissal.

As the child stumbled dazed through the shop, the sympathetic assistant gave him a roll, which he tucked under his jacket as he went out into the cold street. God! what a lack of human feeling some people have. The child, not knowing what to do, walked about in the wet for several hours, and when finally he went home it was to tell his mother that the few shillings she was waiting so expectantly for would not be forthcoming.

That night another life was brought into the world in that sorrowful home.

Can we wonder, if at times, when people unctiously prated pious mouthings, which they paraded as a proof of their religion and who by their actions showed that real religion they knew nothing of, that his soul blazed out in protest?

Again, when as a young man, working in the pit, during a period of agitation against bad working conditions, a message was sent down the pit: "Send up all the Hardies." On arrival at the pit head, they were met by the manager, who said: "We'll have no agitators in this pit, go elsewhere," even refusing them permission to return and fetch their clothes. As to going "elsewhere," there was no "elsewhere," so far as work was concerned, for either him, his father, or his brothers, within 20 miles—they were blacklisted. And thus the struggle for bread and justice was made hard and bitter. But it also helped to make him, in after years, the stern, uncompromising fighter for industrial emancipation he proved himself to be.

Even those for whom he struggled in those days, when the strike was over, forgot to repay their share of the debts he had incurred for food, in order to help them tide over the difficult time, and to pay which, left him penniless.

Ordinary men would have been crushed and cowed by such an experience; but Keir Hardie was no ordinary man, and the result was that he came through the fires of persecution and oppression as gold refined.

Deprived of the opportunity to earn his bread with the pick, he could take up the pen, a feat he was able to accomplish, in spite of the fact that he had had but one day of schooling in his life.

His brother George speaking of this period, when the family moved to Old Cumnock, recalls the fact that Keir used to take him to the meetings of the Independent Order of Good Templars, and how, sitting upon his knee, they used to sing the hymns of the Order, and discuss the problems of intemperance, and how to combat them in the interests of the workers.

His efforts to fit himself for the service of humanity by this time enabled him to accept the post of Editor of the *Cumnock News*, but his fearless writing was more than the employers of the district could stand, and so he made a journalistic plunge on his own account, and founded the *Miner*, a paper devoted to the interests of the mine worker. He founded the Miners' Union for that locality, and thus the good work went on. And eventually there came into being the *Labour Leader*, which for some years he edited and controlled with great ability, and gave to the Labour Movement of our country the paper which still keeps its flag flying as the organ of the Independent Labour Party.

All this, and more, occurred before Keir Hardie was 25 years of age. His next great step was taken in 1886, when he was called to enter the wider field of politics.

Keir Hardie's Political career.

In this, as in other directions, his motto was *thoroughness*. And he entered the lists at Mid Lanark in 1886 as a "Labour Candidate." What his supporters, inspired by this whole-souled leader, lacked in numbers they more than made up for in enthusiasm. The workers, however, did not realise their power. They were unable to see that their only hope lay in themselves, and so he was beaten at the polls. If this campaign did not bear immediate results it did open a new vista of hope, and proved the seed-germ from which the harvest of victory of later years sprung.

The fame of this unconquerable Scot had by this time travelled south, and then in 1902 came the fight at West Ham, when, after a fierce struggle, the flag of socialism and independence waved over a glorious victory with a majority of 1,232 votes, thrilling the hearts of the awakening workers throughout the country.

Naturally, the orthodox politicians did not take kindly to the man who had thus challenged them, and won. And from that time to the end of his struggle for political independence their paid hirelings in the Press followed him with misrepresentation and slander. Vile insinuations of "Tory Gold" were circulated by the Liberal Press. Needless to say, without a shadow of reason or truth. No man in the political world ever fought a cleaner fight. To my knowledge many offers of financial assistance were refused by him. While it is on record how, when Andrew Carnegie sent £100 to his Campaign Fund, Hardie refused it, and paid it over to the funds of Carnegie's workers who were fighting for just conditions in America.

Hardie in Parliament.

What a hero he was in those early days. How he stood up to them when every hand was against him will never be really known. He was simply magnificent. To stand alone amongst the "gentlemen of England" and declare the same truths that won West Ham was a task few men could have faced, but he never wavered or trimmed. The fact that he had reached a platform, which compelled the attention of the enemies of labour, was not considered by him as being the climax of a personal triumph, but a still grander opportunity to press forward the battle for human rights and justice. We know how he fulfilled his pledges. And for the first time, the poor, the outcast, the unemployed, the cause of woman's emancipation had an advocate, who could not be silenced.

We know the silly campaign against him because of the clothes he wore. His cap was as a red rag to a bull. To him, going to Parliament was going to *work*, not to play or to pose; and he wore it, not so much because he wanted to be different to others, but because he was a man of the people, and he wanted nothing else either in dress or habits. But after all it was not so much the cap that his opponents were afraid of, as it was the head that was inside it.

The fact that will stamp his life and work as one of undoubted sincerity is shown by his efforts to secure the return of others to Parliament. And so up and down the country he travelled, doing the work of half-a-dozen men to accomplish this.

To this end he raised the standard of independent political action in 1892, which is flying to-day, and will never be lowered until labour comes into its own.

In 1895, misrepresentation and calumny prevailed, and West Ham was lost; and for the next five years he led a tireless life, stumping the county in the interests of independence. His tour in America followed the loss of West Ham, and with it a wider and richer experience of world needs.

In 1900, he fought two contests at the same time—Preston and Merthyr Tydfil. Elected by the last named constituency with a majority of nearly 2,000 over the second Liberal, he commenced a relationship which remained unbroken to the last.

Re-elected in 1906, and again in 1910, he proved to all that to know him was to love and honour him. And even his bitterest opponents, at last, had to confess that he was, what those who knew him longest claimed for him—an uncorrupted and incorruptable champion of those that toil.

How much more could be said of him, if space permitted. Two great triumphs will however be accorded to him by future historians. The creation of the Independent Labour Party and the Parliamentary Labour Party; and for having shown the way to accomplish these achievements, his name will stand when others of the great ones of his day and generation will be forgotten.

The Final Tragedy.

That, at the comparatively early age of 59, he should have passed from us, is a matter for the deepest regret and sorrow. That he died of a broken heart there can be no question. The War killed him as surely as though he had been shot down in the trenches. If there was anything in the nature of hate in his composition, he hated war. He knew what war means to the toilers. He knew that they had to suffer more than any. That they were used as pawns in the game diplomatists play, and from which the financiers of the world profit. Hence his ceaseless toil to bring the workers of the world to a sense of their power and responsibility to make war impossible. His hope was that they would, as they could, use their power to keep Kings, Kaisers and diplomatists in their proper place—servants of the people instead of their masters. The fact that when the hour of crisis came, they, in the majority of cases, failed, was a death blow from which he could not recover.

The one comfort that remained to him was that the Independent Labour Party and his constituency remained true to the ideal. The great sorrow of his last days was that the majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and some one-time Socialists, went over to the enemy.

That the time will come when even those who failed will admit that he was right and they were wrong there is little doubt. But that will not bring him back to us. But if it should produce a repentance that will make such a world-wide horror as now prevails impossible in the future, he will not have died in vain.

While it is true that his physical body is no longer in our midst, and his voice will no longer direct us in our fight, his spirit is with us, his example is before us, and the work he did will last. The foundations he laid are firm and imperishable, and in years to come, when the work he started shall be accomplished—the emancipation of all those who toil—those who will enter into their inheritance will remember him as the one man who never failed them in their hour of need, and who made their triumph possible.

PEACE PROPAGANDA IN THE TRENCHES.

The *Manchester Guardian* says:—According to a wounded officer, a day before the great attack a curious thing happened. A board was hoisted in the German trenches bearing the inscription—

"The English are Fools."

No one wasted a bullet on such poor abuse.

The board went down and reappeared with the addition—

"The French are Fools."

It was ignored by the British. Then the board came up again with a third line—

"*We* are Fools."

A lively interest was now awakened in the board. On its last appearance it bore the inscription—

"Why not all go home?"

E.L.F.S. GENERAL :: ::
MEMBERS' MEETING,
400 Old Ford Road, Bow,
Monday, Oct. 18th, 8 p.m.

Business: TO CONSIDER :: ::
AFFILIATION WITH :: :: :: ::
THE WOMENS' :: :: :: :: :: ::
INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

E.L.F.S. MEMBERS' :
MONTHLY SOCIAL,

POPLAR WOMEN'S HALL,
20 Railway Street, Poplar, E.
SATURDAY, OCT. 23rd, at 8.
Admission 3d. Music. Dancing.
Refreshments at Popular Prices.

Bromides and birthday cards—two a penny. To be had at the Cash Drug Stores, 224 Roman Road, E.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

More Progress.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, in a speech from the throne, announced that a Government measure would be introduced shortly to remove the obstacles to Votes for Women. This was received with applause!

Good luck to our sisters in Holland!

Votes for women was voted on in the Parliament of Saxony last June. It was defeated by 61 votes to 24 votes of the Social Democrats.

The Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway employees of America, at its fourteenth biennial convention has unanimously declared for votes for women.

The United Mine Workers of the State of Pennsylvania have declared in favour of votes for women. This is a decision of great importance, because in America the question has to be submitted to a referendum vote of the people, and the miners are very numerous.

For many years President Wilson sat on the fence and would not disclose his views on woman's suffrage, and it was rumoured that he was an anti. But now he announces that he will vote for women's suffrage when the question is submitted to the voters of New Jersey, where his home is, on October 19th.

He will not however support the granting of votes to all the women of U.S.A. by Congress, but thinks that the franchise should be extended separately by each State.

Though the fighting of the battle over again in every State is tedious and expensive, we in England would be glad to have the opportunity of winning the vote, even in a county or two, to hearten us on in our fight. We must console ourselves by thinking internationally and draw inspiration from the knowledge that our sisters of Australia and New Zealand, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Iceland, and many of the United States, are fully enfranchised citizens.

Women vote in the Zionist colonies of Palestine.

Why not make intelligence rather than sex the supreme test of citizenship?—Hon. John W. Abercrombie, of Alabama.

A joint committee of the Fabian Research Department and the Fabian Women's Group is engaged on an inquiry into the ***new*** position of women in industry.

We regret to notice that "women" who are "in industry" are not on the committee!

The *Daily News* states that:—Mr. Frederick C. Howe, a New York Commissioner of Immigration, expresses the belief that, as a result of the War, women will emigrate to the United States to seek work. "In this way," he thinks, "the domestic service problem will be solved to a large extent." He appears to think that women are only fit for menial jobs. But, surely, when men are being killed off so fast, women are all the more wanted at home for important work of all kinds.

"OUT OF WORK."

Poor women of Newcastle who have been out of work for months and have applied again and again for employment at Elswick munition works are indignant at the introduction of well-to-do week-end volunteers. A correspondence on the subject has taken place in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, and the editor reports that almost all the letters are on the side of the "out of work," the woman who started the protest. One apologist for the week enders says that the class of work is so poorly paid that if week enders were not volunteers they would only get about 1s. 9d. for their week ends work.

What does Lloyd George think of such wretched pay?

Lord Selborne, speaking in Shrewsbury on Saturday last, is reported in local papers to have said "that it was wrong for working women to live in greater *luxury than usual* during the War, when their husbands were at the front." The "luxury" in which working women "usually" live would no doubt impress Lord Selborne!

The ***Manchester Guardian*** reports that a North of England magistrate has convicted a man for giving his wife 6d. to buy a drink. If men may not treat their wives, some wives may ask that their husbands shall either sign the pledge, or give them larger housekeeping allowances.

DISTRESS AT HOME.

A conference at the Great Eastern Hotel discussed various methods of alleviating the distress in the Isle of Man, and on the East Coast owing to the war.

It was decided to send a deputation to the Government.

Why not make use of the Prince of Wales's Fund, which was subscribed for "civil distress arising out of the war"?

A grant from this fund might be used by the Manx to start poultry farms and other useful ways of finding employment for the people and adding to our food supply. It is left to private charity, organised by a clergyman, to start a knitting industry.

Mr. Brinsley Harper, chairman of the Central Unemployed Body, when announcing the decision not to reopen the registers, said: "There was no evidence of any distress, and no reports that the increased cost of living had led to distress."

We should like to tell him about the distress work of the E.L.F.S. We could give him a long list of women out of work!

The London Kitchen Gardens have obtained the loan of a piece of waste ground in Westminster, and have allotted this free to the poorest tenants living around. Lessons will be given on the best methods of growing vegetables, rearing poultry and rabbits.

Two former licensed houses in the Paddington district, the "Spotted Dog" and the "Hope and Anchor," are now doing useful work as War clubs for women, and are certificated by the signatures of Lady Jellicoe and Lady French as affiliated to the United Services Club.

We are glad to notice that the E.L.F.S. example of converting public-houses into social centres is being followed!

"We are met in great and troublous times, times big with meaning for the future. In these times we are called upon to play an ever increasing and important part. It has been said that this war can only be won in the workshops and by the workers. In this country the part which Labour plays is now being more widely recognised. Civilisation rests on the shoulders of Labour, and has always so rested. It is our imperative duty to assert that the recognition shall carry with it the necessary results—a voice in the counsels of the nation and the control of industry, and a just and secure reward for the exertions which are our daily lot."

Mr. A. Bellamy, of the National Union of Railwaymen.

Of course, these words apply equally to women!

WHY THEY WANT CONSCRIPTION!

From the *Times*, May 31st:—"We must deal as harshly with strikers who throw down their tools as with soldiers who desert in the field—(deserters are shot).

"It is only by applying to all the principles of personal obligation to serve the State that we can take powers which will enable labour at home to become as disciplined as labour in the field. We can, *if we please*, return to our old habits after the War."

We all know that the *Times* has the self same desire to discipline the workers both in peace time and in war, and that this old anti-Suffrage enemy of ours is hoping that none of the "old habits," which allow of liberty to women or to workers, will ever be resumed.

The following unions have entered into an alliance:

	Members
Miners' Federation of Great Britain	600,000
National Union of Railwaymen ..	273,362
National Union of Transport Workers — Dock Labourers' Unions (Liverpool)	51,000
Dock, Riverside, & General Workers (London)	38,780

It is highly important that the forces of labour should be consolidated, and this is as true for women workers as for men.

Mr. Tenant, the Under-Secretary of State for War, has just bought a castle in Scotland for £23,000.

This, while the soldiers' mothers are left without pensions! What about War economy and all classes bearing the burdens of the War?

BROKEN PROMISES.

Last autumn when the fever for showing patriotism was running high, the British Medical Association and the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britian addressed a joint letter to the Government promising free medical attention and drugs and appliances at cost price to the dependants of soldiers and sailors with the colours. This was hailed with acclamation and the Government then issued a circular to local relief committees stating that the Prince of Wales's fund would pay for the medicines and appliances, in order that the whole cost to the dependants might be free.

The original offer was probably made in good faith, but we find that a soldier's dependant who is ill must first apply to his or her doctor for a certificate to say that medical attention is likely to be needed for more than a week.

Then the invalid must proceed to the office of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association and present the certificate applying for a medical book.

On receipt of the medical book the invalid must return to the doctor and ask to be attended to free of charge. What will be the state of the patient by this time in cases of urgency, may be left to the imagination. After all, the doctor may refuse, if he pleases, to attend the case without charge, as the following case shows:—

A Poplar soldier's wife who has six children, and pays 7s. rent and 1s. 4½d. insurance, had applied for a medical book for her little boy when he had chickenpox, but by the time she got it the child was so much better that she continued treating him herself. Shortly afterwards the same child fell against a bicycle and received a bad cut close to the eye. The mother seized the unused medical book and ran with the child to the doctor. When the wound was attended to, she presented the book—only to be told that if the doctor had seen the medical book beforehand, he would not have attended to the child. The woman therefore paid the required fee.

A letter to the Mayor of Poplar has produced a reply from the secretary of the Mayor's Committee to the effect that the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association are of opinion "that it rests with the doctor as to charging if he thinks fit."

A letter to the headquarters of the Prince of Wales's fund produced a lengthy and involved letter from the Naval and Military Dependants (Medical Treatment) Committee, in which it is said that the scheme "can only operate to the extent that the gratuitous services of doctors are available."

We are growing weary of promises not kept!

The *Times*, in an article on "Economy in Food" suggests the following sample menu:—

BREAKFAST: Porridge, eggs (if needed), toast, butter, jam, etc.

LUNCH: Purée of vegetables, suet pudding and syrup.

DINNER: White soup, mutton cutlets with purée of onion and potato, stewed fruit and junket.

The *Times* tells us that "this style of living, as prices are in London to-day, could be carried out at 11s. 6d. a head." We would like the people who suggest this "economy" to try to support a family on the wages customary in East London. Moreover, where is the private's wife who has 11s. 6d. to spend on the food of every member of the family?

"Yes, yes it is all very well, but one just law is worth a million soup kitchens."—JOHN BRIGHT.

SUFFRAGE CLUBS. Poplar, 20 Railway St., 8 to 10 p.m., Wednesdays.

Bow, 400 Old Ford Road, Mondays and Fridays 8 to 10. p.m.

To reach Old Ford Road take an Old Ford 'bus (No. 8), which goes via the Marble Arch, Oxford St., the Bank and Liverpool St., or book to Old Ford Station on the North London Railway.

E.L.F.S.

We constantly have applications from young mothers of children, who are handicapped in earning their livelihood by having to care for the children. Where the women are able to get work near us they can put the children in our nursery in the day and are able to take them home at night. But in cases where the mother cannot have the child with her at night we are unable to help, because at the present time we cannot afford to double our staff so as to care for the children at night as well as in the day.

We urgently appeal for funds and offers of homes to meet this need.

The calls on our four mother and baby centres, for milk, eggs, medicines, and doctoring and nursing care, are still very urgent. Will you help by sending us some money for this work?

Will you send us new laid eggs, arrowroot, barley, glaxo or virol?

We want:—For baby, four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests, and a cot blanket; for mother, two nightgowns, woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets, and a pair of pillow cases.

Mothers and Children should make a point of attending the weekly consultations with nurse and doctor at:—

400 Old Ford Rd., Bow, Mondays 2.30 p.m.; 20 Railway St., Poplar, Tuesdays 3 p.m.; 53 St. Leonard's St., Wednesdays 4.15 p.m.; 55 Fife Rd., Canning Town, Mondays, 2 to 4 p.m.

TWO-COURSE MEALS FOR 3d.

Those who already frequent our Cost-Price Restaurant at 400 Old Ford Road should tell their friends and fellow-workers about it. We supply a two-course dinner for 3d., children 1½d.; 12—2 p.m. Customers say that workers do not know about our Restaurant, and that it is a great boon to get such a good, hot meal when away from home.

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED.

DREADNOUGHT FUND.—Miss Janie Allen 3.0.0, Miss B. Putnam 2.0.0, Mrs. Roberts 1.0.0, Miss L. Cutten 5.0, Miss Leah Glanfield 2.6, Miss Lagsding (towards poster) 1.0.

GENERAL FUND.—Miss M. J. Handley 1.0.0, Mrs. Rentoul 10.0, Mrs. Grieve 5.0, A. M. Davies, Esq. 5.0, Misses Mardon 5.0, Miss H. Armes 5.0, Collections Barking Rd 3.11½, West Adams 3.6, H. F. W. Reynolds, Esq. 3.0, Canning Town (profit on tea) 2.4, W. Gilbert, Esq. 2.0, Collection Women's Hall 1.10½, Miss Haughton 0.4.

FOR MILK AND GENERAL DISTRESS.—Lady Aird 3.0.0, Misses Collier (monthly) 2.0.0, Mrs. J. R. Wilson 2.0.0, Toolroom, etc., L.S.A. 1.9.9, Mr. J. W. and Mrs. Jean Rattray 1.1.0, Mrs. J. C. Miller (monthly) 1.0.0, Miss M. Durrant (4.0 monthly) 1.0.0, Mrs. Burke 1.0.0, Mrs. Monck Mason 1.0.0, Miss A. Gliksten (monthly) 1.0.0 Miss A. Roberts 1.0.0, Mrs. Jensen 19.10, Mrs. Maitland 19.5, Miss A. L. Durham 16.0, Bell Box Collection per Miss Joyce:—Mr. & Mrs. Merrick 12.0, Mrs. Hyde 12.0;—Mrs. Ernest Blomfield 10.0, Mrs. Bevan (monthly) 10.0, Mrs. Durrant (monthly) 10.0, Mrs. Richmond (5.0 weekly) 10.0, R. Woodifield, Esq. 10.0, Employees of Messrs. Ross, Ltd. per Mrs. Young 8.6, Mrs. Usherwood 5.0, H. Smalley, Esq. 5.0, Misses Sanderson and Bellamy (monthly) 5.0, Mrs. Pyne 5.0, per Miss A. Frisby 5.0, Miss L. E. McCombie 5.0, Mrs. Winterne 5.0, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. L. Bensusan 5.0, Mrs. Plant 5.0, per Miss Jocelyn 4.7, Mrs. Heywood Bright (weekly) 2.6, Mrs. Simpson (weekly) 2.6, per Miss Fowler 2.0½, Mr. Stiebel 2.0, Miss I. Jones (weekly) 2.0, Miss M. Osmond (weekly) 2.0, Miss M. M. Newman 2.0, Miss J. Purves 0.8, Anon 0.6.

COLLECTIONS.—Bow Milk 1.4.10½, Mrs. Drake (outside Green's) 16.1, Miss Morley 14.1½, Bromley Milk 13.4, Mrs. Crabb 7.11, Mrs. Bertram 7.3, Mrs. Neuss 4.9, Mrs. Tredgett 4.4, Pillar Box 2.9½, Mrs. Vine 2.7.

CLOTHING, ETC.—Mrs. Lee Monroe, Miss M. Millward, Mrs. Foster Mellier, Mrs. Penn, Anon, Mrs. Temple, Miss M. Griffiths, Miss E. Lowy, Anon, Mrs. Oldrey (shoes), Mrs. and Miss P. Hunt, Mrs. Arthur Browne, Mrs. Crofton Green, Miss Reakes, Mrs. Hill Friends at Widdington, Miss Hasler.

GROCERIES.—Per Miss Batson.

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.—Mrs. Arthur Browne, Mrs. Baillie Weaver, Miss Guyver.

CLOTH.—M. L. Smyth, Esq.

Friends write:—"I am sending a mite to your baby fund. I will try to make it a little monthly donation."

"Please write direct to me if you are hard pressed later on."

"A childless woman, I try to help the little ones."

But we still need more funds!

Friends should make a point of visiting the E.L.F.S. Toy Stall at the English Woman's Exhibition which is to be held in the Central Hall, Westminster, on November 17th to 27th, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Dublin dockers are striking for an increase in wages to meet the higher cost of living.

EAST LONDON FEDERATION OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

OBJECTS: To secure the Parliamentary Vote for every Woman over 21, and to promote the Social and Industrial Welfare of Women.
Entrance Fee...1d. Subscription...1d. a Month

BRANCH REPORTS.

BOW.

400 OLD FORD ROAD, BOW.

The Tuesday afternoon meeting and the "Parliament" on Friday evening were well attended. The Social on Saturday was a great success. Members are asked to make the regular meetings known to their friends; also to give in their names for helping with the Procession and Meeting at Canning Town on Sunday, 17th. The Club will be held regularly every Monday. Members who can play or sing will be very welcome. Help is also wanted with the stall on Fridays and Saturdays.

Members' subscriptions, per Mrs. Payne, 7s. 5d.

Miss Bennett sold 100 papers at the Hyde Park meeting on Sunday.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Oct. 9th — 1,128. Miss Bennett 218, Miss O'Brien 216, Mrs. Crabb 50, Mrs. Watkins 32, Mrs. Farrall 24, Special Meetings 224, City and District—Mrs. Holloway 267.

The sales of the Bow branch are very good. During the last four weeks they have been 1,003, 1,623, 1,128, and 1,128. If a few more members would make up their minds to work hard at sending up the sales we should soon be selling 2,000 papers a week in Bow. And why not?

POPLAR.

THE WOMEN'S HALL, 20 RAILWAY ST.
Secretary: MRS. DRAKE.

At Follett St., on Monday, a good meeting was held, 17 papers being sold. Mrs. Bouvier was the speaker on Tuesday evening, Miss Lynch on Friday afternoon.

On Sunday evening, Miss Manicom spoke at the Dock Gates; Miss S. Pankhurst and Mrs. Walshe indoors. Miss Gatwood and Miss Manicom kindly obliged us with some music. Members are thanked for preparing the fire and getting hall ready.

Next Sunday meeting, October 24th, in this hall. The E.L.F.S. Monthly Social is to be held here on the last Saturday in October, and members are asked to come forward to make this a success.

The Procession to the Public Hall at Canning Town will start from East India Dock Gates, at 6.30 p.m., on Sunday. Please be there with *all* your friends at 6.15 p.m., so that we can start prompt, 6.30.

Milk collections—Mrs. Bertram 7s. 3d., Mrs. Tredgett 4s. 4d., Miss D. Morley and Miss Manicom 19s. at Cubitt Town, Mrs. Drake 13s. 1½d. at Green's. Donations—Mrs. Morris 6d., Miss A. Bell 1s.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Oct. 9th—314; Mrs. Shlette—50. Distributed—1,000.

Poplar Paper sales are improving, but we are still beaten by Bow. Try again!

HACKNEY.

Offices: 175 DALSTON LANE
(Facing Hackney Downs Station).
Papers can be obtained at this address at any time.

A crowded meeting was held on Thursday evening at 175 Dalston Lane, when Miss S. Pankhurst was the speaker. Miss Chesley's interesting speech on Tuesday afternoon deserved a larger audience. Who will help by canvassing and helping to work up these meetings? We must also keep up the good attendance on Thursdays. Helpers are wanted for selling the *Dreadnought* on Fridays and Saturdays. Will volunteers please give in their names?

Hackney members should march from Bow on Sunday. Procession leaves 400 Old Ford Road at 5 p.m. All should make a special effort to come.

Dreadnought sales—total 194; Miss Sand 88, Miss Bennett 26, Mrs. Page 6, general sales 74.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Centre for Tidal Basin: 55 FIFE ROAD.
Hon. Sec.—MRS. DAISY PARSONS,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

We have a lot to do, in order to make the Canning Town meeting a success on Sunday, October 17th. Our branch, of course, wishes to undertake the stewarding and collecting, so all willing members should please be at the Public Hall at 6 o'clock.

Will members please note that, owing to the dark nights, we have changed our meeting to Thursday afternoons, at 3 p.m.? Please come and bring your friends.

For members who are at work, and so cannot come to afternoon meetings during the week, we are starting a Sunday afternoon meeting at 124 Barking Road, on October 24th, when we hope to have Miss S. Pankhurst to speak. Please watch *Dreadnought* for the open-air meetings, and attend, as they are now starting at 6.30 p.m.

Dreadnoughts sold during August and up to October 9th were 313, which is far too small, as we have sold more than this in one week. How many members will make themselves responsible for six Papers each week, on sale or return? Mrs. Dunkley is doing this. We need such a lot of help in this direction, and also financially. Now, who can afford to send in to me a small subscription, from 1d. to 6d.? List to be in the report in three weeks' time. Don't let us be beaten by the other branches!

Always buy your toys from the E.L.F.S. Co-operative Toy Factory. Illustrated catalogue on application. Our toys are on show at the E.L.F.S. Shop, 8 Hart Street, High Holborn.

RENT STRIKES! FIGHT AGAINST GRASPING LANDLORDS.

The working people of Glasgow live in great many-storied barrack dwellings, in which are one-roomed "houses," two-roomed "houses," three-roomed "houses" and so on. In these "houses" one finds a bed built into the wall of each room. In the kitchen, the bed is open to the view, though curtains are sometimes put up by the tenants. In the parlour, the bed is often hidden behind a wall and entered by what looks like an ordinary cupboard door which is only about one-third of the bed's length in width. The unhealthy stuffiness and darkness of such a bed and the difficulty of making it and keeping it clean may be imagined. The municipal authorities do not now allow any new cupboard beds to be built.

The overcrowding and the jerry-building of Glasgow are proverbial, and for the miserable dwellings, very high rents are charged. For many months past complaints have been made of the landlords raising the rents because of the War.

Mr. George Barnes, Labour Member of Parliament for one of the Glasgow Divisions, has raised this question in the House again and again, but the Government has allowed the evil to grow unchecked, and last week a rent strike broke out.

On Thursday, October 7th, a deputation accompanied by a procession of 15,000 people—mostly women, went in the midst of great enthusiasm to the City Council with banners inscribed:—

"Our husbands, sons and brothers are fighting the Prussians of Germany. We are fighting the Prussians of Partick! Only alternative—Municipal housing."

Mr. William Reid, who introduced the deputation, said that the rents had been raised since the valuations were confirmed so that the landlords might evade the payment of extra taxes. The increased cost of higher rates, bond interest and repairs was estimated at 5 per cent. on a rental of £10 10s. 0d. *i.e.*, 10s. 6d. But the rent of £10 houses had been raised by 15s. to 40s., *i.e.*, 7½ per cent. to 20 per cent., since the War.

Landlords were therefore making a profit out of the War at the expense of poor tenants.

The Town Clerk explained that the representations of the deputation could not be discussed until the next meeting of the council, unless a majority of two-thirds should decide to discuss them now.

Baillies, Stewart, Mitchell and Izett urged that the matter must be dealt with at once to prevent the people being turned out, but as their motion failed to receive a two-thirds majority the matter was postponed.

On Tuesday, October 12th, the landlords applied to the Sheriff for nine eviction warrants. Six of the tenants were munitioneers, and as it was said that if munition workers' or soldiers' wives were evicted rioting would ensue, the Sheriff adjourned these cases for a week. In three other cases eviction notices were granted, to take effect in four days.

Will the neighbours allow these people to be turned out?

Strikes against increased rents are developing in many other places. In Birmingham, registered letters were sent out by landlords, giving notice to quit, and stating that rents would be doubled. As soon as the rent-strikers learnt the contents of the letters, one of their scouts went round in front of the postman advising householders not to accept delivery of the landlords' registered letters. The advice was accepted and when the rent collector called on Monday, he was accompanied by a policeman. The tenants tendered their rents minus the increase and it was accepted.

In a Northampton working class district, where an increase of 6d. on a 6s. house rental has already been made since the beginning of the War, the tenants have met a demand for an additional 6d. with a blank refusal.

Occupants of houses in working-class districts in Dulwich have received notice of an increase of one shilling per week. One landlord has threatened an increase of another shilling before Christmas. The tenants in many streets have decided to refuse to pay any increase.

In Bermondsey the landlords have given notice to raise the rents, and the tenants are organising resistance.

In Tooting, the 350 rent strikers have won the day, the landlords after a stiff fight agreeing to withdraw the increase.

Scrutton & Crebbin, 2 Ravenscroft Road, Canning Town, landlords of the Beckton Road Estate, some time ago refused to accept the rate notices, and told their tenants that they must pay the rates, although they have hitherto been included in the rent. Now the rents have also been raised. The rents of half-houses in Cambus Road have been raised from 7s. to 7s. 6d. The rents of houses in Ravenscroft Road have been raised from 9s. to 9s. 6d., and the rents of half-houses in Kelly Road have been raised from 7s. 6d. to 8s. With the intimation that the rent has been raised the landlords have sent a notice to quit, and the following notice:

Beckton Road Estate Office,
Canning Town.
October 1st, 1915.

Dear Sir (or Madam),—In consequence of the extraordinary demand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to meet the enormous expenses of the War, we are reluctantly compelled to revise the rents of our houses.

One result of this revision is to make a slight increase in your rent, and in order to do this it is necessary that we should send you the enclosed formal notice to quit.

You will understand that we have no desire for you to leave, but should you wish to continue your tenancy after Monday, October 11th, the expiration of the said notice to quit, the rent of your house will be 9s. 6d. per week.

We shall be glad to hear from you whether you accept this notice to quit or will pay the increased rental.

Yours faithfully,
Scrutton and Crebbin.

The *Manchester Guardian* says: "Where rent troubles occur it should at least be possible for the Government to appoint an impartial body who could decide whether or not the owners of house property were securing from the addition in rent any advantage from the national emergency."

In our view such a compromise would be absolutely futile. When food is taxed, manufacturers and shopkeepers raise the price and the poor consumer who lives by his or her own exertions has to pay. When rates, taxes, bond interest and so on go up, landlords raise rents and again the poor person living from hand to mouth by his or her own exertions has to pay. The rich and powerful always pass on the burden to those who are poorer. The poorest have no one to whom they can pass the burden on. What is to happen to them unless this sort of thing is stopped?

Our advice to the tenants is, refuse to pay an increase in rent and remember that the landlord cannot eject you without an order from a magistrate, under the Emergency Courts Act. Landlords will try to bluff you into believing that they can legally eject you without permission, but they cannot.

The following bitter cry comes to us from Chelsea:—

I am an artists' landlady and no one has felt the war stress more than the art world.

I am a ratepayer of nearly 50 years standing; I was unable 18 months ago to get £23, i.e. half-years rates, I had 14 days in Holloway, and now again I am unable to get that amount together, and the Chelsea Town Hall people have given me two months imprisonment if this is not paid. I have got £10 of it which they refuse to take as there is a warrant out for me, and it would be breaking the law to take money.

Is it possible you could do anything in the matter so that the doors of Holloway shall not close on me again?

I have a husband and a child, but this being my own property, my husband does not meet with any of this treatment.

If it is not troubling you too much could you advise me?

In this country we boast that there is no imprisonment for debt, but people are constantly being clapped into jail for inability to pay rates. In prison they cost the community a good deal, and are deprived of the power to earn money.

In France there has been a moratorium for rent since the War. The Prince of Wale's fund, to which many working people are virtually obliged to contribute from their wages each week, is not being spent. We think that some of it might usefully help such people as this artist's landlady, also that the payment of rates should be waived in such cases.

In Germany, the *Vorwärts* reports similar cases of landlords raising the rent and threatening ejectment where rents of soldiers' wives are in arrears.

The *Daily Chronicle* says:

"It is not likely that the war enthusiasm of the readers of *Vorwarts* will be kindled by stories like that of the woman and her landlord."

The words apply with equal force to the people of this country!

MEETINGS LIST.

Friday, Oct. 15th.
Piggott St., 5 p.m., Miss O'Callaghan Mrs. Bouvier.
Copenhagen Place, 6 p.m., Miss O'Callaghan, Mrs. Bouvier.
Beckton Road, 6.30 p.m., Mr. S. Franklin.
Poplar Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mrs. Drake.
Chrisp St. and Grundy St., 5.30 p.m., Miss Syivia Pankhurst, Miss Manicom.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Debate on

Saturday, Oct. 16th.
Vernon Rd. and Roman Rd., 3 p.m., Miss O'Callaghan, Mrs. Bouvier.
"Salmon & Ball," 4.30 p.m., Miss O'Callaghan, Mrs. Bouvier.
"Whitehouse," 5 p.m., Miss Lynch. Mr. Mackinley.

Sunday, Oct. 17th.
Dock Gates, 11 a.m., Miss Manicom.
Copenhagen Place, 12.30 p.m.. Miss Manicom.
Victoria Park, 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Bouvier.
Hague St., 11.30 a.m., Miss Lynch and others.
Public Hall, Barking Rd., 7 p.m., Meeting in memory of Keir Hardie.

Monday, Oct. 18th.
Morning Lane 6 p.m., Miss Manicom
Follett St., 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Bouvier.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., General Meeting.

Tuesday, Oct. 19th.
Copenhagen Place, 6 p.m., Miss Lynch.
Poplar Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Mrs. Schlette, Miss Manicom.
Bow Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Mrs. McLeod, Miss Lynch.
175 Dalston Lane, 3 p.m., Mrs. Drake, Miss Beamish.

Wednesday, Oct. 20th.
Chrisp Street, 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Drake, Miss Manicom.

Thursday, Oct. 21st.
175 Dalston Lane, 8 p.m., Miss Feek, Miss Beamish.
124 Barking Rd., 3 p.m., Miss Lynch, Mrs. Parsons.
53 St. Leonard's St., 8 p.m., Miss A. Haughton.

Friday, Oct. 22nd.
Piggott Street, 6 p.m., Miss Lynch.
Beckton Rd., 6 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
Poplar Women's Hall, 3 p.m., Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Drake.

Saturday, Oct. 23rd.
"Peacock," 5 p.m., Mrs. Davies.
Ford Road, 5 p.m., Mr. Mackinlay.

Sunday, Oct. 24th.
Hyde Park, 3 p.m., Mrs. Drake.
Poplar Women's Hall, 8 p.m., Mrs. Drake.
Dock Gates, 6 p.m., Miss Manicom and others.
124 Barking Road, 3.30 p.m.

South Wales tin plate workers have secured increases in wages of 10 per cent. to men earning over £2 a week, and 15 per cent. to those earning under. Organisation tells.

COME AND HEAR

Mr. HENRY W. NEVINSON,

(War Correspondent just returned from Gallipoli.)
DESCRIBE
"A DAY IN THE DARDANELLES"
IN THE
PORTMAN ROOMS,
BAKER STREET, W.
On SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24th, at 5 p.m.
Doors open at 4.15.

Chair: Mrs. PETHICK LAWRENCE

Reserved Seats 2/6 and 1/-, from the Ticket Sec., UNITED SUFFRAGISTS, 27 Chancery Lane, W.C.

ADMISSION FREE.

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